Vol 9 The War Illustrated N° 217

SIXPENCE

OCTOBER 12, 1945

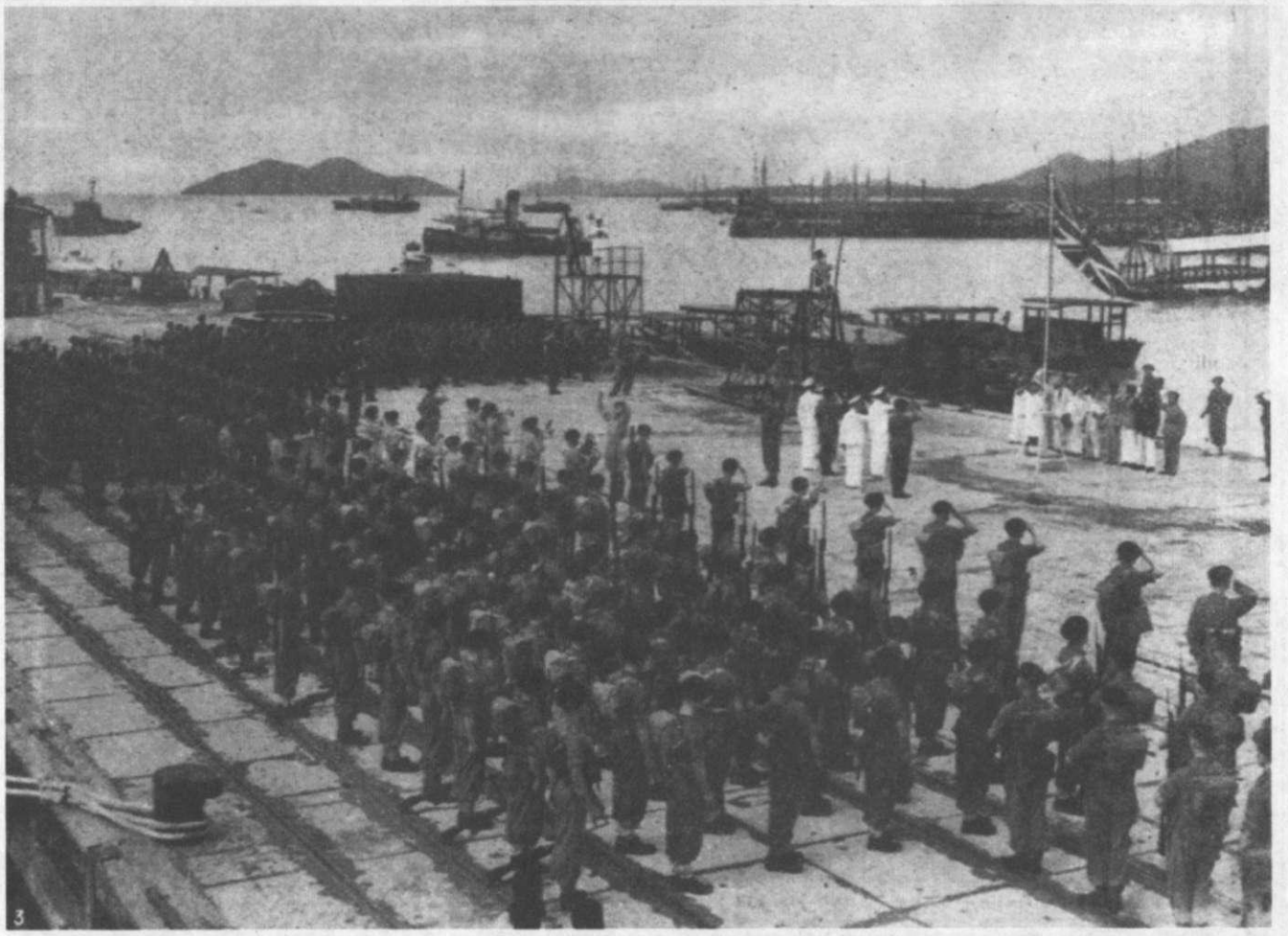
and AFTERWARDS

BRITISH "FROG-MAN" READY TO GO UNDER has his "fish" suit adjusted by a Petty Officer (right). Existence of these underwater Commandos, known as L.C.O.C.U. (Landing Craft Obstruction Clearance Units), was only recently disclosed. Special breathing apparatus enables them to remain under water for 1½ hours at a stretch, their "fins" giving them a speed of 60 yards a minute. On D-Day, they removed from the Normandy beaches mines and other obstructions. See also page 361. *Photo, Sport & General*

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

NO. 218 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, OCTOBER 26

The Royal Marines Brought Freedom to Penang



BRITISH BATTLESHIP H.M.S. NELSON, flagship of Vice-Admiral H. T. C. Walker, was where the Japanese delegates headed by Rear-Admiral Uzoni (1), enemy Governor of the island, on September 1, 1945, signed documents surrendering Penang, Malaya (evacuated by our forces on December 19, 1941). Vice-Admiral Walker is on the extreme left, facing the enemy signatory. Royal Marines of the British East Indies Fleet took over the island two days later when Japanese soldiers were obliged to hold back the crowds (2) cheering the arrival of their liberators. The impressive ceremony on the quayside (3) as the Union Jack again flew over Penang.

Photos, British Official

With Our Soldiers Today

By MAJ.-GENERAL
SIR CHARLES GWYNN
K.C.B., D.S.O.

I HAVE always held that there is something in British mentality that makes us liable to be taken by surprise in the event of an unexpected degree of success in our undertakings. We generally make better provision for the failure or partial failure of our plans. This is a weakness I repeatedly noticed in our military planning in the last war, and I believe it has not been absent in this war. The Anzio landing was perhaps an instance.

The weakness, I believe, is largely due to the tendency there undoubtedly is to jeer at what is thought to be excessive optimism and wishful thinking, but surely it is almost as grave a fault to be caught unprepared to exploit success promptly as to be unprepared to deal with the situation arising from a disappointing reverse. How much can be gained in military operations by promptly seizing an opportunity is obvious. General Dempsey's drive which resulted in the capture of Antwerp was a case in point, and General Patton also gave us a number of notable examples. The extent of the gains must largely depend on the resources available for immediate use and that, though it may be fortuitous, is more likely to result from the possibility of the opportunity arising having been envisaged. Nevertheless, if we are to judge whether opportunities have been lost or have not been fully exploited, we should first be clear as to how far the opportunity actually existed and as to what possibilities it opened.

ELEMENT of Fairness was Essential Feature of Demobilization Plans

Now that military operations have ended the burning question of the hour is whether the Government might have envisaged the possibility of the completeness and rapidity of the German and Japanese collapse, and have been better prepared to take advantage of the apparent opportunity that opened of accelerating demobilization. That plans had been carefully made for demobilization and on a fair system is agreed, and it is admitted that it was impossible to foresee with certainty when Germany would finally collapse or the degree of sporadic resistance that might be encountered thereafter. Still less could it be anticipated that the Japanese collapse would follow so soon after.

In all these respects undoubtedly the Government was to a greater or lesser extent surprised by an unexpected measure of success. But the real question is whether, if the possibility of unexpected developments had been envisaged, better arrangements could have been made for modifying plans to meet the actual circumstances. In justice to the Governments past and present we have in fact to consider how far the opportunity to exploit the situation actually exists unless we are prepared to sacrifice the element of fairness which was an essential and widely applauded feature in the original plans.

THERE are undoubtedly men and women who could be demobilized or released without detriment to military requirements, but not without damaging the prospects of those still unavoidably retained. But we still do not know what numbers will be required for the armies of occupation in Europe or to restore normal conditions in our recovered Far Eastern possessions. It would seem highly desirable that information on that point should be given as early as possible, and as to the steps the Government proposes to take to maintain numbers at the required strength. But until it is seen how the Germans will behave under winter conditions, and until all Japanese troops in our zone of responsibility are rounded-up, it may be premature to give even approximate estimates.

Meanwhile, it should be realized how extensively the whole situation as regards demobilization has been complicated by the collapse of Japan so soon after that of Germany. It has not only greatly increased the number of our own people available for release in widely separated theatres of war, but has also meant the simultaneous demobilization of American forces on a scale that affects our plans and outlook.

IF the war with Japan had continued for a year or more after the end of war in Europe, as was expected and certainly had to be assumed, the rapid collapse of Germany would not have materially affected demobilization problems, although the absence of anticipated sporadic resistance might have called for some acceleration. But the numbers becoming available for demobilization and release would still have been limited; for reinforcement of the eastern theatre would have been required and war industries, although on a reduced scale, would have continued to operate. Moreover, American demobilization could not have begun on the scale and with the speed which undoubtedly is now inviting criticism of our own procedure. Presumably our partial demobilization would have gone according to plan, while for the invasion of Japan large American forces would have been transferred from the western to the eastern theatre. The process had actually commenced before Japan surrendered unconditionally, but when that occurred American commitments in the East were reduced to a much greater extent proportionately than our own.

The army of occupation in Japan will bear little relation to the forces that would have been needed for invasion and possibly for co-operation with Chinese and Russian armies; and since little American territory is affected no large force will be required to restore law and order. Conditions are very different for us, for although we could not have employed in our zone armies comparable in size to those the U.S.A. would have needed for the invasion of Japan, we are now confronted with the task of restoring peacetime conditions in large areas. That naturally must greatly affect the rate of demobilization. In addition to these conditions which govern the size of the forces it is necessary to keep under arms in the Far East after Japan's surrender, there is also the question of the size of the armies of occupation in Europe.

BRITAIN'S Post-War Commitments Much Greater Than America's

In the final stages of the war in the West America had deployed much larger numbers than we could produce, but for the armies of occupation our commitments are the heavier. The result has been that great numbers of American troops can be released, and it would obviously be a mistake to retain those surplus to requirements in Europe since their maintenance and the granting of leave would cause unnecessary expense and make heavy demands on shipping. The large numbers that are being shipped to America can, of course, now be demobilized, though it remains to be seen if they can be absorbed into industry as smoothly as it is hoped. Clearly, however, the problem of absorbing demobilized personnel should be simpler in America than in this country, for normal life there was less disturbed by the war. Nor does shortage of shipping bear so heavily on her demobilization processes, for she had been given priority for the removal of her surplus troops in Europe and to maintain the communications of her great Pacific armada.

IT will be seen, I think, from all this that our post-war commitments in Europe and in the Far East are proportionately much greater than those of America, and that quite apart from the desirability of adhering to a fair plan for release we have more difficulty in deciding at once what numbers we must retain to meet military requirements.

On the whole, though we may envy the speed with which American demobilization is progressing, it is fruitless and unsettling to draw comparisons since the conditions affecting the two nations are so vastly different. It is better to be content to envisage our own problems correctly. To do that it would certainly be helpful to receive fuller information from the Government. Mere statements that every effort is being made to speed up demobilization do little to relieve the natural impatience for release, especially when there are also announcements of unexplained delays in the release of certain groups. Still, it is clearly the duty of all concerned to exercise patience and to take comfort from the fact that release will come sooner than at one time could have been expected, and that a fair if perhaps over-rigid system is in operation.

"AFTERWARDS"

SO many of our readers have been coming forward with suggestions as to what we should do with "The War Illustrated," "now that the War is over," that I feel I ought to state our plans for it. The present issue bears the addition of the words "and Afterwards" on its front cover. Now "Afterwards" might mean a very long time, and lest our readers should be alarmed at the prospect of our emulating Tennyson's brook by going on for ever, let me reassure them forthwith. The fighting may be over, but "The War Illustrated" has not been a mere record of battles by land, sea and air: it has brought into its pages a vast amount of interesting and instructive matter, literary and pictorial, concerning things that happened before actual hostilities began, as well as being a comprehensive chronicle of all events in these great years of world-history.

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YET so enormous is the unpublished pictorial material now available, and daily forthcoming, so important are the matters directly arising out of the War that our task cannot be regarded as completed until we have adequately dealt not only with the Aftermath of the War but with the elucidating of numerous censored episodes and "War secrets," and presented in more detail the achievements of our great soldiers, sailors and airmen who have given us the victory. The records of our regiments, the unrecorded exploits of our famous and unknown ships of war, the peerless prowess of the men who won for us the mastery of the air—all these call aloud for amplification.

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AND the vast complexities of international resettlement must engage our attention until such time as we can say "Now the War is ended and the New Era begins." That is all that is implied by "Afterwards"—it is meant to indicate that we have still much that is of interest, and historically important, to give our readers in order to make the volumes of "The War Illustrated" a unique collection of the actualities of the War and the opening days of the Peace.

THE EDITOR

Hongkong Passes From the Clutches of Japan

CRUISER H.M.S. SWIFTSURE, flying the flag of Rear-Admiral C. H. J. Harcourt, C.B., C.B.E. (portrait in page 326), led the British naval task force into Victoria Harbour, Hongkong (1), on August 30, 1945, to arrange the Japanese surrender (signed on Sept. 15) of the famous Crown Colony, which they had captured on Christmas Day 1941. Guarded by Royal Marine Commandos, the enemy envoy passed along the flight deck of the carrier Indomitable (2), from which came this landing party (3). See also page 365.

Photos, British Official, Associated Press

Malayans Cheer the Flag in Liberated Singapore

AFTER THREE-AND-A-HALF YEARS of Japanese occupation Singapore was freed on September 5, 1945, when the 5th Indian Division took over without incident and crowds in fantastic ritual dress paraded the streets (1). Rescued from a P.O.W. camp was Lieut.-Gen. A. E. Percival, commander of the city when it fell in February 1942, and seen (2) in England showing his wife a pen used at the Tokyo surrender (see page 346). Malayans cheered the Union Jack (3), and greeted Gurkhas (4) driving through the streets to disarm the Japanese.

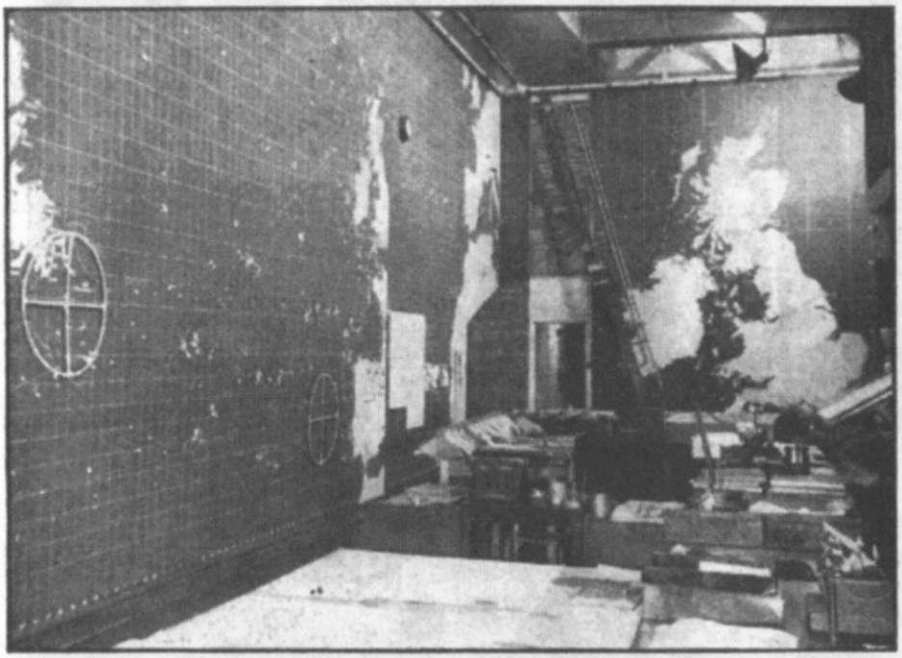
Photos, British Official, Planet News

With Our Sailors Today

By
FRANCIS E. McMURTRIE

THE United States Navy has lost no time in announcing its plans for the post-war strength of the fleet. It is proposed that it should include 18 battleships, three battle cruisers, 27 fleet aircraft carriers, 10 light fleet aircraft carriers, 79 escort carriers, 31 heavy cruisers, 48 light cruisers, 367 destroyers, 296 destroyer-escorts and 200 submarines, together with a sufficient number of minelayers, minesweepers, patrol vessels, fleet auxiliaries, landing craft, district craft, aircraft and dry docks to support the fighting ships enumerated above.

Most of the ships retained will either be comparatively new or will have undergone complete modernization. This means that older vessels, more or less worn out, will either go to the scrap-heap or be relegated to harbour duty as non-combatant units. Apparently the ships that will be discarded are to include the old battleships Arkansas, New York, Texas, Nevada, Pennsylvania and one of the New Mexico class. Presumably the 27 fleet carriers to be kept are the 24 of the Essex class and the three 42,000-ton Midways; though it is possible that one or two of the former type may have been so extensively damaged by Japanese suicide plane attacks that they may not be considered worth the expense of refitting. However, on the assumption that all the Essex group remain in service, those scrapped will be the Enterprise, Ranger and Saratoga. Escort carriers to be retained include all those now in service with one exception; this may be either the Long Island, or one of those damaged by suicide plane attack.



"OPS" ROOM, H.Q. WESTERN APPROACHES, where the Battle of the Atlantic was planned throughout the war—at Derby House, Liverpool. The main plot is seen nearest the camera; the disks indicated restricted bombing areas for aircraft of approximately 150 miles radius, where submarines of the Allied navies were under passage. *Photo, British Official*

AMERICAN Surplus Tonnage May Go to Allied Navies

How many cruisers are to be dispensed with is not quite so clear, but probably the Pensacola and Salt Lake City will both go, together with the nine old light cruisers of the Omaha class. No doubt cancellation of contracts for the construction of ten heavy and ten light cruisers will account for the balance.

Quite a respectable fleet could be made up from the vessels that are to be disposed of, and it is possible that some of them may not be broken up, but will be handed over to Allied navies. It has already been reported that China is to receive some surplus U.S. tonnage, together with certain British ships that are past their prime.

ANOTHER force endeavouring to fix the future strength of its material is the Royal Canadian Navy. Two new aircraft carriers of the light fleet type, the Magnificent and Warrior, are expected to be commissioned soon under the Canadian flag. Two 8,000-ton cruisers, the Ontario and Uganda, have already been transferred to the R.C.N., and eight new destroyers, the Crescent, Crusader, Crozier, Crystal, Craccher, Creole, Cretan and Crown have been earmarked for the same service. These will be the newest ships in the post-war R.C.N.

There are besides the "Tribal" type destroyers Haida, Huron, Iroquois, Micmac, Nootka, Cayuga and Athabaskan, the last four built in Canada; and two of the British "V" type, the Algonquin and Sioux, together constituting a fine modern flotilla. Nine older destroyers, built before the war, may be discarded, as they must be nearly worn out after hard service in the Battle of the Atlantic.

THIS also applies to the majority of the 112 corvettes in the Canadian fleet, to many of the fleet minesweepers, and possibly to some of the 60 frigates. The latest minesweepers of the Algerine type will presumably be retained.

One of the chief problems is that of manning. In 1939 the strength of Canadian naval personnel, with reserves, was under 5,000; by VJ Day it was 90,000, an unexampled expansion. Since nearly all were entered for hostilities only, demobilization will reduce the total to a very low figure indeed, unless a substantial proportion can be induced to remain for a further period of service. It is hoped that a strength of from 10,000 to 15,000 can be maintained as a permanent force, sufficient to man most of the ships mentioned as likely to be retained.

In the meantime ten corvettes of the "Flower" type with three frigates of the "Loch" type and six of the "River" type have been returned to the Royal Navy, from which they were lent during the Battle of the Atlantic.

A certain amount of information has been released lately concerning new British warships. Three large fleet aircraft carriers, reported to be equal in size to the United States carriers of the Midway class, are under construction, their names being Gibraltar, Malta and New Zealand. Three others of an improved Indefatigable design, believed to displace over 30,000 tons, are to be named Ark Royal, Audacious and Eagle. Names of the first and last of these commemorate the services of two carriers sunk in the Mediterranean in 1941 and 1942, respectively.

ALL these ships are much larger than the light fleet carriers whose presence in the Pacific has recently been revealed. The latter are vessels of less speed and of displacements ranging from 14,000 to 17,000 tons. Names include Colossus, Glory, Ocean, Venerable and Vengeance, of the smaller size, and Albion, Bulwark, Centaur, Hercules, Leviathan, Magnificent, Majestic, Powerful, Terrible, Theseus, Triumph and Warrior, of the enlarged design. Two of these, as already mentioned, have been earmarked for the Royal Canadian Navy, provided the manning difficulty can be overcome. Four more were to have been built, but it is doubtful if they will be begun, now that the war is at an end. In fact, a certain amount of new construction is almost certain to be cancelled, just as it was in 1919.

NAVY Devised Escape Apparatus for Army's Amphibious Tanks

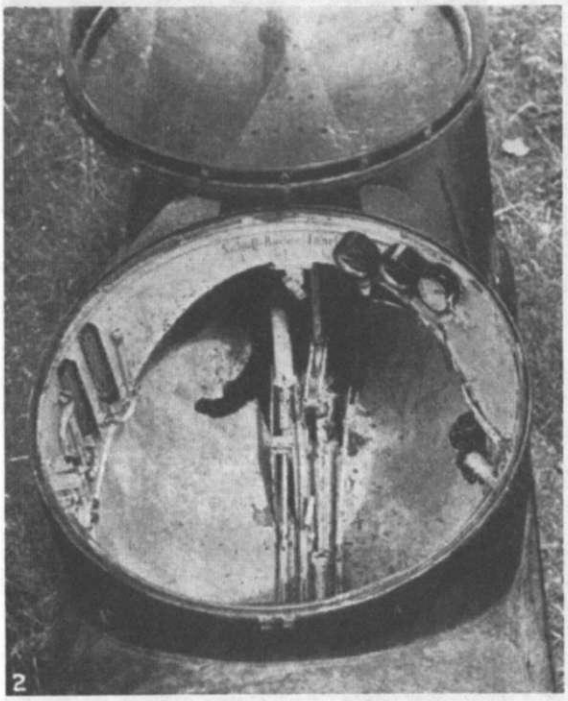
In the success of the Army's "DD" (amphibious) tanks on D-Day the Royal Navy had a share. As these peculiar craft were very vulnerable to the lightest shell or even bullets, some method was sought of saving the crews should they sink. On the Navy being consulted, the Superintendent of Diving, Commander W. O. Shelford, R.N., devised a light and simple type of escape apparatus, with an inflated bag and an absorbent canister for disposing of foul air instead of the oxygen cylinder used in the more elaborate Davis gear. This was tried out and perfected in the Diving School at Portsmouth, and during the Normandy landings was the means of saving 95 per cent of the personnel of tanks that foundered. Thus, as in so many other successful operations in this war, the advantage of two Services working in close conjunction was demonstrated.

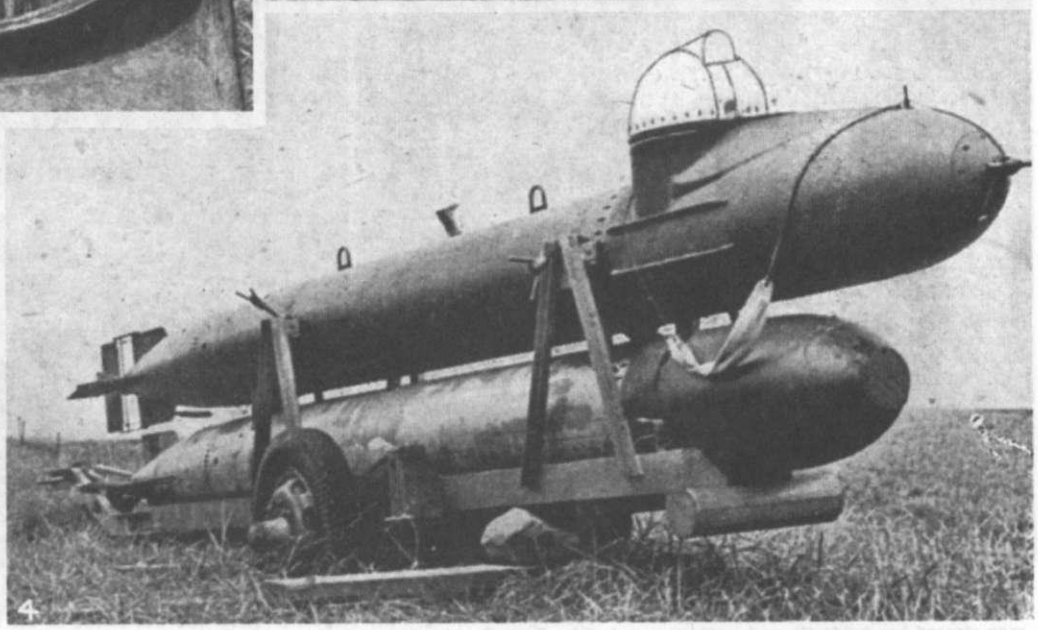
Another sphere in which the Navy is aiding the Army is in the return to this country of demobilized soldiers. A number of escort aircraft carriers have been equipped as transports, with troop accommodation in the hangar spaces, and will be of material assistance in bringing home men from our Armies in the East. One of these ships, H.M.S. Ranee, was recently fitted out for this purpose by Palmers Hebburn Co., Ltd., on the Tyne.

ALTOGETHER there are more than 30 escort carriers in the Royal Navy, but some of them, it is believed, may be returned to the United States, as they were built in that country and transferred to Britain under the Lend-Lease scheme.

Fleet aircraft carriers, which are much faster and roomier than the escort type, have been employed in carrying released prisoners of war from the Far East. Thus carriers are proving themselves to be remarkably versatile vessels, doing the work of transports and to some extent that of hospital ships.

Piloted Torpedoes the Germans Failed to Use

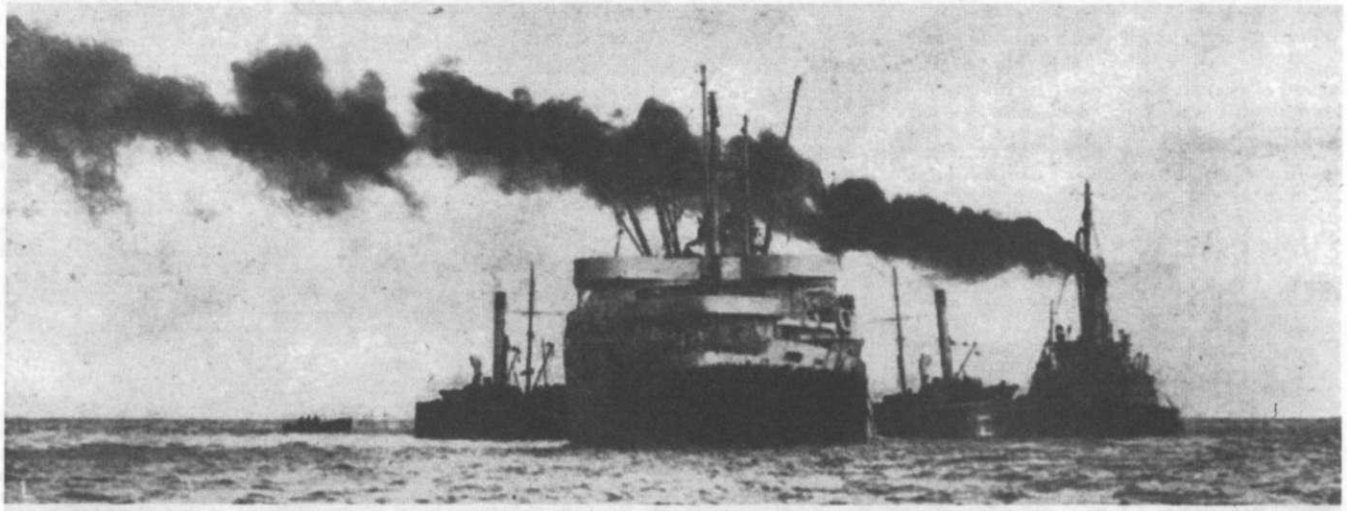


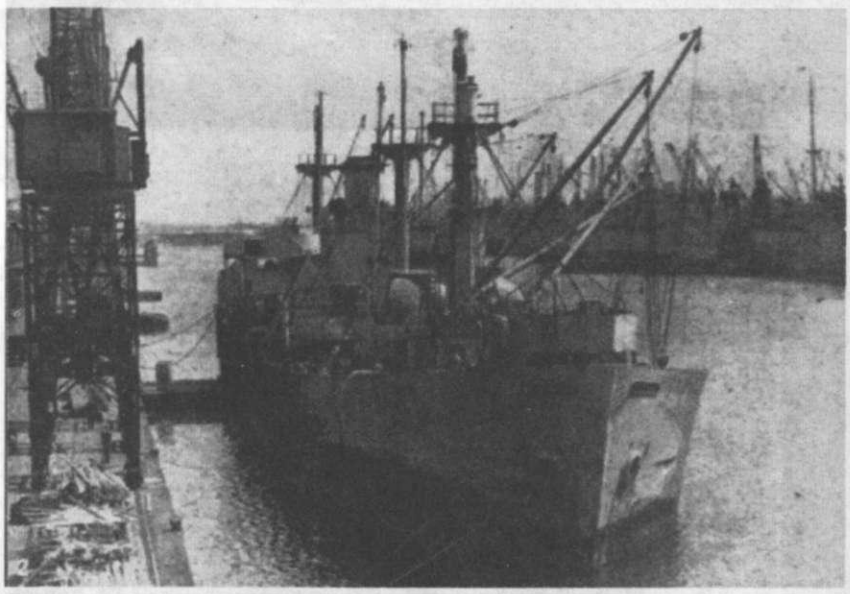


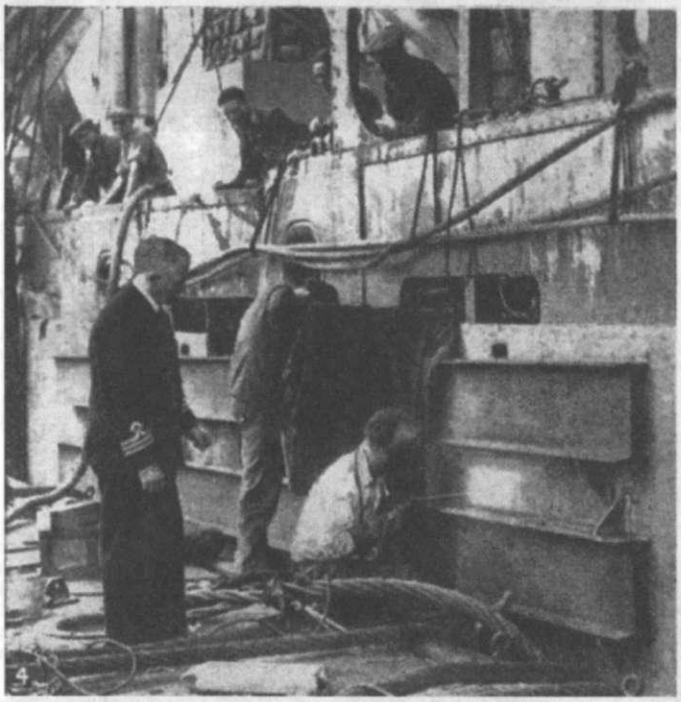
SEIZED ON A DANISH ISLE were these piloted torpedoes (1) after members of the Danish Freedom Movement had discovered there (Sjaelland Island) a German trial station for secret naval weapons. In one type the pilot occupies a small enclosed "cabin" in the upper of two cylindrical hulls, the lower cylinder being the actual torpedo (4). Driven by electricity, these craft carry one or two torpedoes; the two-torpedo type has a periscope. The pilot's "cabin" (2) is fitted with instruments recording speed and depth when submerged, and controls for releasing the torpedo. Two Danish patriots examine the two-torpedo type, the "Marlen" (3); note the painted device—a Chamberlain umbrella pierced by a torpedo. These weapons were first used by the enemy in the Italian campaign in 1943, and later against our landing-forces on and after D-Day 1944. British "human torpedoes" sank the Italian cruiser Ulpio Traiano in Palermo harbour in January 1943 (see page 775, Vol. 7).

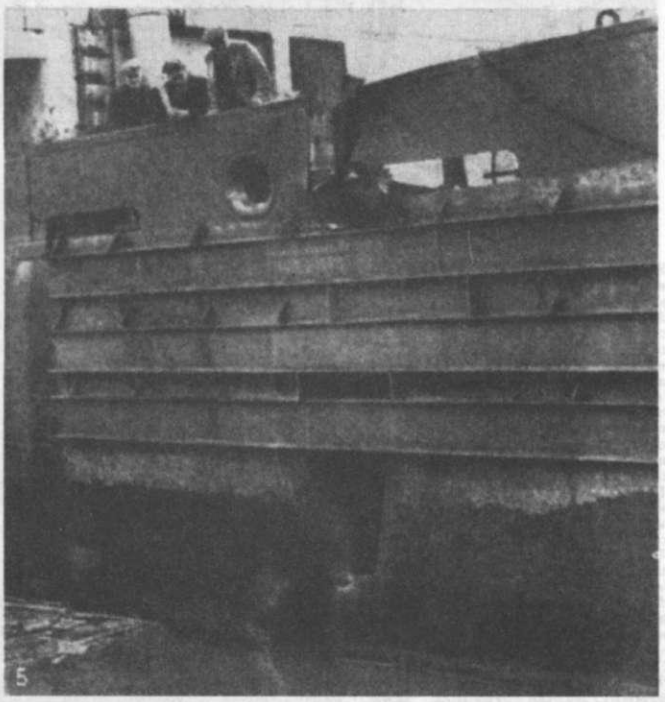
 Photos, Black Star

Miracle of Mined Ship Made Seaworthy Again





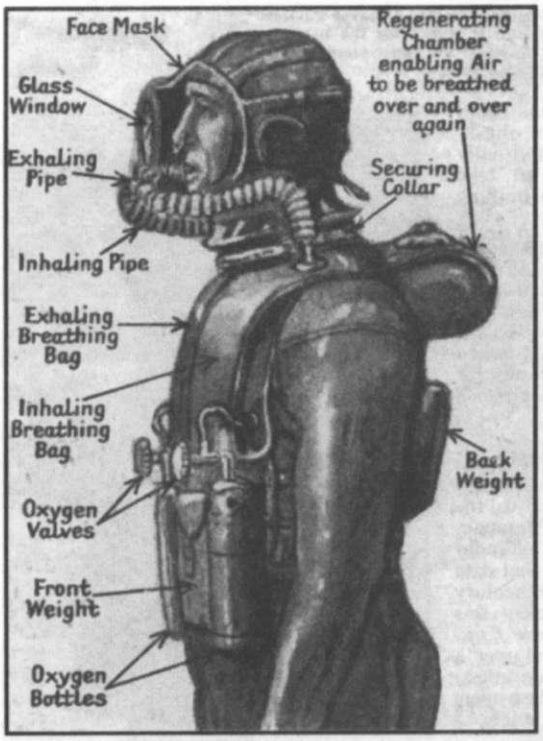




THE 7,000-TON LIBERTY SHIP HORACE BINNEY, mined off Flushing on V Day, almost broken in two and with a huge hole amidships, was given up as lost—except by Capt. R. Brooks, O.B.E., Port of London Authority's Chief Salvage Officer. Thanks to his ingenuity she was beached off Deal, and supported by steel hawsers whilst P.L.A. wreck-lighters salvaged her cargo (1). After she was towed to the King George V Dock, London (2), men cleared her holds (3), and welders, watched by Capt. Brooks (4), patched her side (5).

Photos, British Official

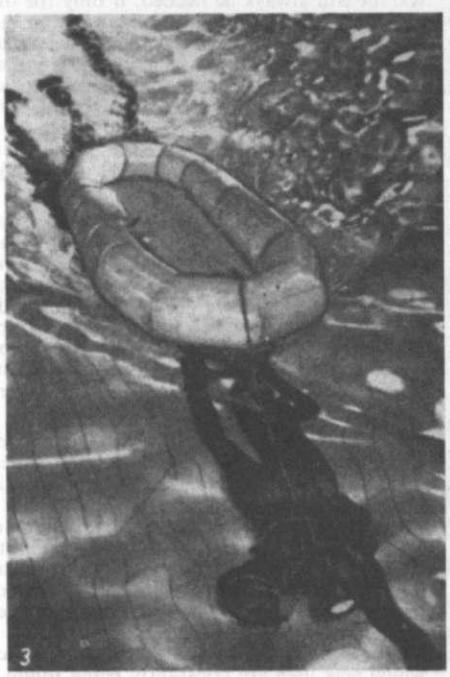
These are Our 'Frogs' Who Won D-Day Fame

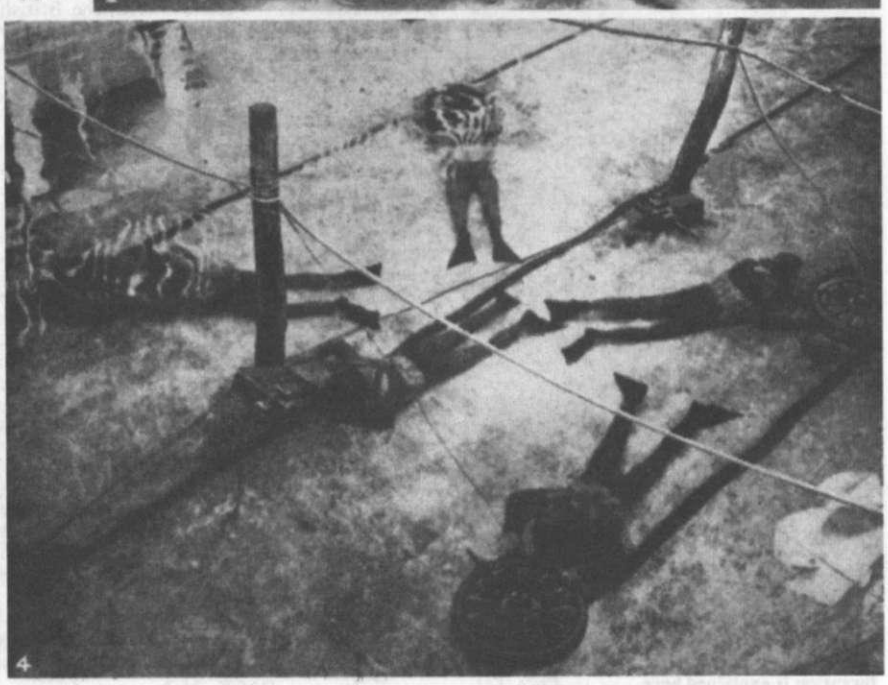


LANDING CRAFT OBSTACLE CLEARANCE UNITS—Frog-Men, for short—who blasted a hole in the Nazis' "Atlantic Wall," enabling our invasion craft to reach the Normandy beaches on D-Day, were mainly hostilities-only personnel: bank clerks, students, carpenters and engineers. Attired in their thin rubber diving suits, fitted with helmets and breathing apparatus (diagram above), and with huge rubber fins attached to their feet, they trained intensively for over five months.

Their moment came at H hour on D-Day when ten units (four Royal Navy and six Royal Marines), consisting of some 120 officers and men, went into action. Working in face of enemy shell and mortar-fire, and sniped at, in two days they cleared over 2,400 obstacles—mines, tank traps, steel barricades. Photographs taken during training in the Kingston (Surrey) Swimming Baths show a Frog Man swimming under water (1); "enemy sighted"—the men pile into the water from their dinghy (2), while one tows the boat from beneath the surface (3); rehearsing for underwater sabotage (4). See also page 353. Germany's Frog Men were illustrated on p. 551, Vol. 8.

Photos, British Official, Fox, Sport & General. Diagram by courtesy of The Illustrated London News





How Radar Enabled Us to Win the War at Sea

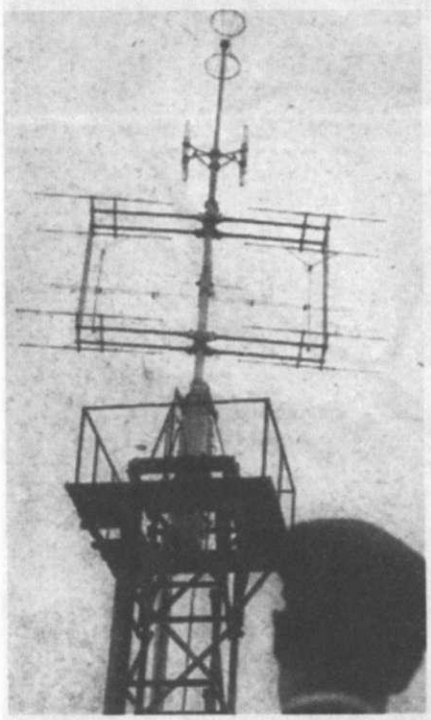
Providing the sailor with a sixth sense, radar has completely transformed the face of naval warfare. Our Naval Correspondent, FRANCIS E. McMURTRIE, explains how it works for the mariner, and reveals the giant strides that radar has made since the first practical sea experiments nearly twenty-five years ago. See also pages 298-299, 320.

IN the technical sense, the most important factor in winning the war at sea for the Allies has been radar. This word, which is of American naval origin, is the equivalent of the older term radiolocation. Radar has recently been cited by President Truman as one of the three principal benefits received by the United States from this country under Reverse Lease-Lend. Practical sea experiments in radar began nearly 25 years ago, and it was in use in the Royal Navy before the War began, though in an elementary form. Echo-sounding was one of the first uses to which radar was put, it being found that sounding by this means was simpler, quicker and more reliable than by the older methods.

Since those first steps were taken radar has made giant strides. It is no exaggeration to say that it has completely transformed the face of naval warfare. Improvement after improvement has been devised by the Admiralty scientists and technical officers engaged on its study in collaboration with Army and Air Force experts. Much of the experimental work has been carried out at the Telecommunications Research Establishment at Malvern, under conditions of the utmost secrecy.

To understand how radar works, it should be appreciated that short radio waves behave similarly to light, travelling at the same speed. They can be focused in a beam in just the same way, and can be reflected by either solid or liquid surfaces. Where radar has the advantage over light is in its ability to penetrate fog, clouds or smoke, and to cover far greater distances than the human eye, which depends on light for its operation. Moreover, radio impulses are much more easily controlled than beams of light.

Radar has thus gone far to provide the sailor with a sixth sense, enabling him to "see" in the dark as well as in daylight. In simple terms, radar projects a wireless beam which, on coming in contact with an object, returns an echo which is reproduced visually on the screen. In range-finding, to take only one example, this amounts to nothing less than a revolution.



AERIAL of the Navy's metre band long range warning set used for radar transmitting and receiving. The development of this all-British invention is explained here. *Photo, Fox*

It is a curious thing that the Germans, for all their boasted scientific ability, should have failed to make any corresponding progress in this field of research. Throughout the War they seem to have been content to lag behind in radar development; and when hostilities ceased the Germans were still far short of the stage which had been reached by the Royal Navy.

Italians Surprised in Darkness

One of the first notable cases in which radar proved of inestimable service to the Allied cause was the Battle of Cape Matapan, March 28, 1941. Though the type of radar in use in the Mediterranean Fleet at that date would be regarded as crude and elementary in comparison with the highly efficient sets now in service, it enabled Sir Andrew Cunningham to locate the Italian fleet and open a deadly fire upon it out of the darkness. Three big enemy cruisers and three destroyers were sunk without being able to retaliate.

In subsequent attacks by our light forces on enemy convoys proceeding at night from Italy to Libya, equally surprising results were obtained with the help of radar. Had radar been installed in the Grand Fleet at Jutland, in 1916, the Germans would never have succeeded in extricating themselves from the battle under cover of mist and darkness, and the partial night action which ensued would have gone very differently.

By means of radar, station keeping at night or in fog is rendered comparatively simple; this has been a great boon to convoys proceeding to North Russia. It was the prime cause of the destruction of the German battleship Scharnhorst when she attacked a convoy off the North Cape in December 1943. Every time she tried to break off the action with the escorting cruisers and destroyers, her movements were followed by radar, and touch was maintained until H.M.S. Duke of York arrived on the scene. With the British battleship's gunfire accurately directed by the same means, a disabling hit was soon secured, after which the end was inevitable.

U-Boats Forced to Fight It Out

Though the fact was not disclosed at the time, radar had an important share in locating the Bismarck and bringing her to action with H.M.S. King George V and Rodney in May 1941. In the Battle of the Atlantic radar also played a prominent part. It enabled enemy submarines on the surface to be detected in time for convoys to take avoiding action, while the escort vessels closed in on them with unerring direction. Thus U-boats were forced either to dive and be exposed to depth-charge attack, or fight it out on the surface. In either contingency the convoy was able to proceed unharmed. During the Allied landings in North Africa, ships of the United States Navy fitted with radar engaged the French battleship Jean Bart at Casablanca at a range of over 20 miles. Thus she was disabled without a chance to hit back; and other French warships which offered opposition were equally unlucky.

In this way radar has proved a more efficient substitute for the human eye in gunnery fire control. It has been particularly valuable for anti-aircraft purposes. So highly developed is the type of radar now installed in H.M. ships that it is possible to locate almost anything on the surface of the sea, from a seagull to an iceberg. Though the exact shape of an object is not shown on the screen, its size can be determined. In navigation, the value of this hardly needs stressing, for shoals, buoys and other ships can be avoided with little difficulty.

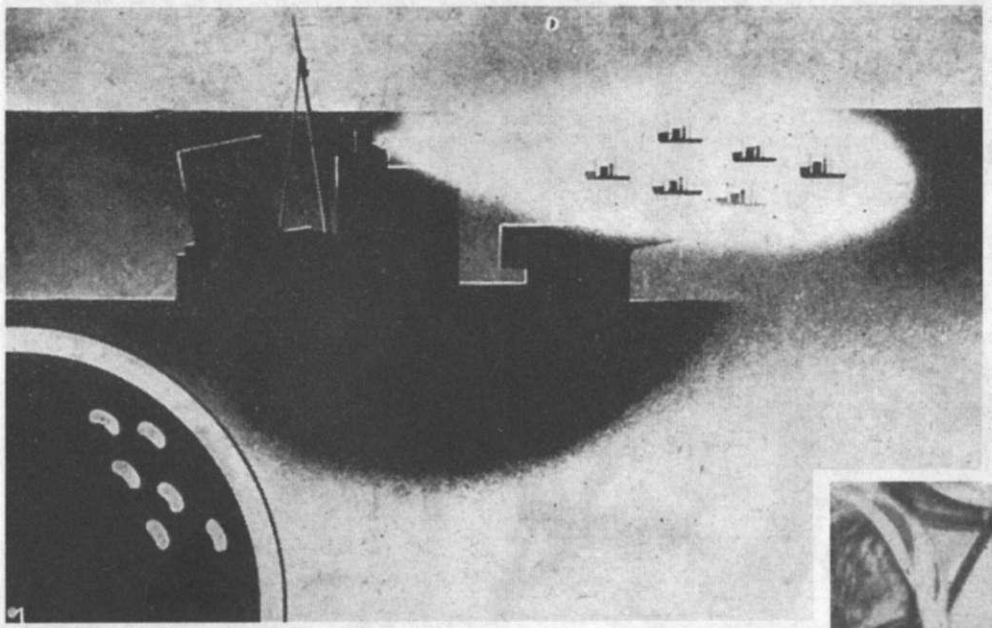
PORTABLE-TYPE RADAR for navigational purposes weighs only 30 lb. It is carried by Lt. R. B. Mitchell, R.N., who used it on D-Day while leading assault landing-craft. *Photo, New York Times Photos*

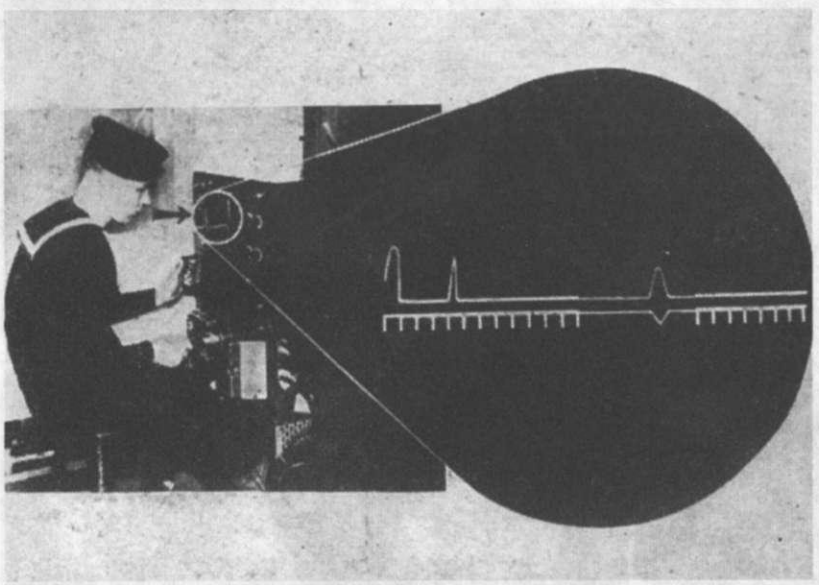
SOME go so far as to predict early abolition of that time-honoured friend of the mariner, the sextant. Navigating specialists are inclined to dissent, maintaining that the sextant will always be needed, if only for use in emergency. Certainly castaways in an open boat would require one to find their position in the absence of a portable radar set. Already sets small enough to be included in the equipment of aircraft are in fairly general use, and an illustration in this page shows a 30-lb. set; so it should be merely a question of time before ships' lifeboats carry something similar.

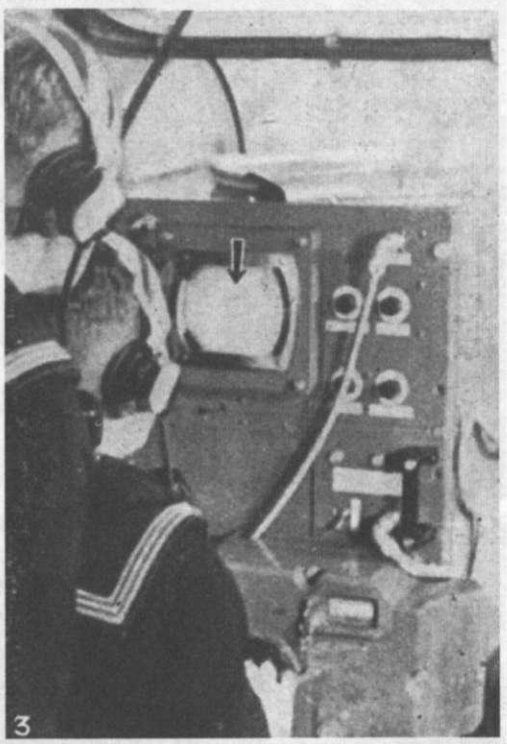
During the invasion of Normandy, radar was used as a guide to the landing craft, to ensure that they made no mistake in selecting a beach for disembarking, as well as for many other purposes. Later, when the tide of invasion had reached Antwerp, our ships were able to proceed up the Scheldt in fog at a good speed, radar picking out the varying configuration of the banks as well as every obstacle in the estuary.

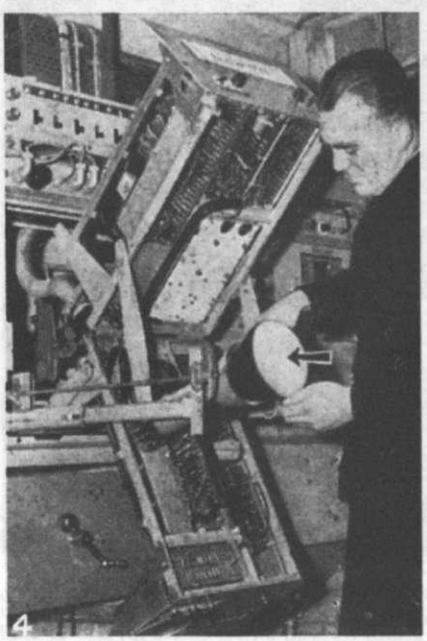
A recent innovation for the benefit of navigation is a special type of buoy fitted with a device emitting radio signals in response to radar. Through this facility a ship's position in a buoy-marked channel can be exactly defined without the possibility of error. According to its exponents, radar is still far from attaining its full degree of development, so its present performances may soon be surpassed. In fact, radar is a vigorous, growing branch of science for which new uses are constantly being found.

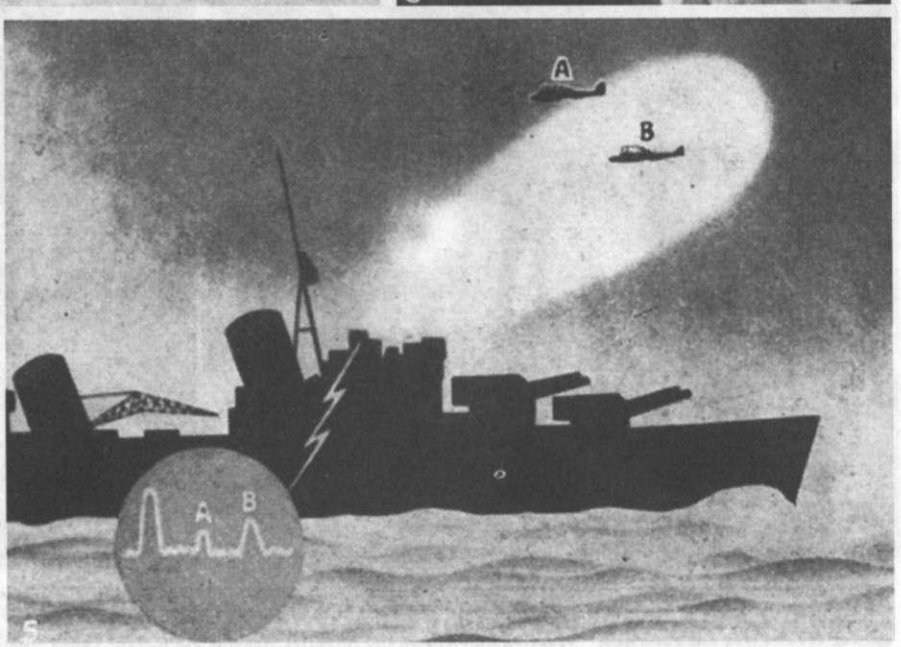
Working of the Navy's 'Magic Eye' Explained











A RADAR-EQUIPPED CRAFT of the Royal Navy picks up a convoy of six enemy ships, which are shown as bright marks on a dark screen in the left-hand corner (1). What a gunnery radar-operator sees (2): the target is shown by the inverted "V" on the right of the upper trace; by matching with it the lower "V" the range is transmitted automatically to the guns. In a British cruiser the operator (3) alines the radar-echo with a marker and so transmits range to guns; arrow (also in 2 and 4) indicates the cathode-ray tube on which objects are reflected. Naval radio mechanic trims radar A.A. gunnery equipment (4). Diagram shows how radar works (5). Aircraft have been caught in ship's beam; plane A, not fully focused, is seen as smaller inverted "V" (in circle); plane B, in the full beam, is shown as larger inverted "V" (in circle on right). "Hump" on the left in circle is radar transmission signal. See facing page, and pages 298-299, 320.

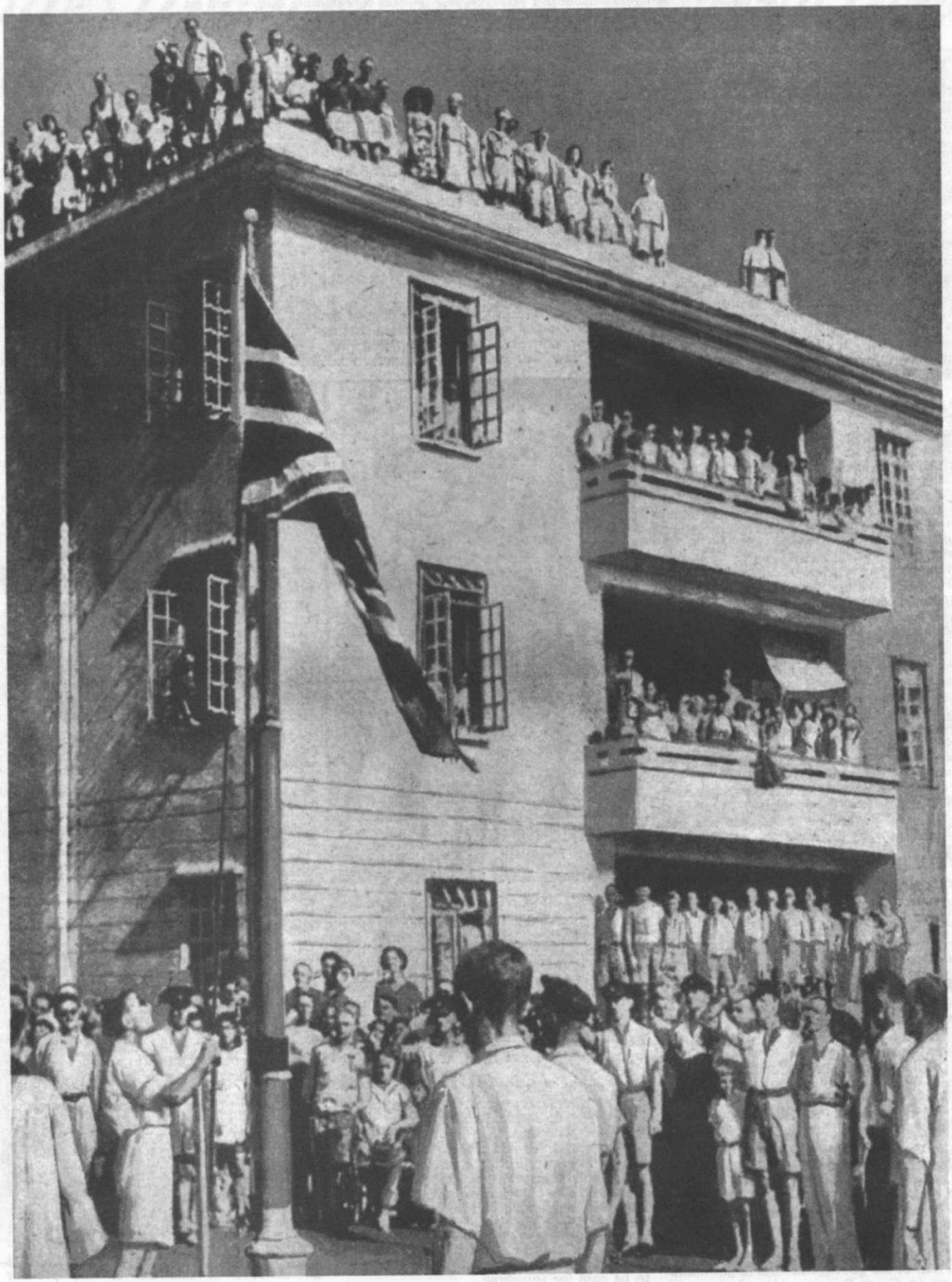
Photos, British Official, Associated Press

'The China Incident' Ends In Japan's Humiliation

POSITIONS OF ENEMY TROOPS IN CHINA were indicated by Japanese surrender envoys when on August 21, 1945, they were interrogated by members of the Chinese command at Chihkiang, in Hunan. The Japanese officer (1, extreme right) explained the dispositions—with reservations. Arrival of the enemy delegates' plane at Chihkiang (2), watched by U.S. troops; they were received by a junior Chinese officer and their salute to the waiting crowds was not returned. Wearing uniform of the Imperial General Staff, Gen. Takeo Imai, principal enemy envoy, affixed his seal to the surrender document (3); on his right his grim-faced aide-de-camp.

Photos, U.S. Official

Freed at Hongkong They Sing God Save the King



OVER 2,000 BRITISH INTERNEES IN HONGKONG sang God Save the King as the Union Jack was hoisted at Camp Stanley on August 30, 1945—the first time for almost four years. They were freed by Rear-Admiral Harcourt's force (see page 356), which included the carriers Indomitable and Venerable, carrying special medical supplies for prisoners of war. The naval task force was relieved on September 12 by the Third Commando Brigade, under Maj.-Gen. F. W. Festing (who led the 36th Division in N. Burma), newly-appointed G.O.C. China Coast. PAGE 365 *Photo, British Official*

Must Britain Go Short to Rebuild Exports?

"The dress the mother goes without this year is helping to make sure that her children will get what they need in the years to come," said Sir Stafford Cripps, President of the Board of Trade, on September 9, 1945. Implications of this statement are clearly set out in this article specially written for "The War Illustrated" by JOHN BUCKATZSCH.

DURING the last few months the attention of the public has been drawn to the urgent need to increase the value of British exports. Point has been given to the many speeches and articles on the subject by the recent dramatic but long foreseen termination of the Lend-Lease arrangements. The whole problem of our export trade after the war has not arisen unexpectedly. Since a very early stage of the war, economists have been pointing out that expansion of British exports would be one of the most pressing problems of the period of transition from War to Peace.

Nevertheless, there are probably many who have asked themselves the questions: "Why this insistence on exports at a time when there are not enough goods to supply the home market? Why try to export cotton textiles at the very moment that the clothing ration is reduced?" These, and similar questions, are natural and reasonable ones to ask. They are not difficult to answer.

THE fundamental reply to all of them is very simple. We must *export* in order to be able to *import*. Exports are not an end in themselves, any more than are doctors' bills, or payments for cinema tickets. It's the doctor's help we want, and the seat in the cinema. The payments are unfortunate formalities we have to go through to get them. It is the same with exports, at any rate as long as nearly every worker is employed and every factory busy. In periods of economic depression, such as that which filled the early nineteen-thirties, nations *do* desire exports almost for their own sake, as a means of "exporting unemployment."

But this policy, which is really very similar to a policy of digging holes in the ground and filling them up at once, in order to "cure unemployment," is only reasonable under those fantastic conditions of mass poverty in the midst of plenty which were allowed to develop in most countries during inter-war periods. We are entitled to hope that we have learnt how to prevent such a situation arising again, and as long as we succeed in doing so exports will be needed simply, as has been explained, to pay for imports.

Why Do We Need to Buy Imports?

In reply to this assertion, however, it is not unnatural to ask, "But why buy imports? Cannot scientific knowledge be applied so as to enable us to feed and clothe ourselves without buying as much from abroad as we used to do?" The answer is that we can certainly reduce our import requirements by making more thorough and economical use of our own resources, and in particular by increasing the efficiency of British agriculture. The possibilities of making great savings in this way are, however, limited, and their effect may well be offset by increases in our requirements at home resulting from the attempts which we hope to make to raise our national standard of living.

But the overriding consideration is that of the relative cost of imported materials and the substitutes for them which we might be able to manufacture at home. The important factor is not the absolute cost, in terms of hours of human labour and tons of raw materials of synthetic rubber, say, but the cost of the synthetic rubber in comparison with that of the goods which we might manufacture in Great Britain and exchange with the growers of natural rubber in other countries. As long as a given output of work produces enough cotton piece-goods, for example, to pay for more natural rubber than could be produced synthetically by the same amount of work, it would obviously be cheaper, more economical and more efficient to import our rubber, paying for it with exports of cotton piece-goods.

This is the fundamental principle of international trade, and explains why it is better to import even those goods which might conceivably be made at home. It is not necessary to emphasize that there are many goods, like grape-fruit and bananas, which cannot be grown commercially in Great Britain, and which must be imported or not eaten at all.

As a matter of fact, the greater part of the goods imported into Great Britain before the War consisted of essential materials, either "raw" or only partly manufactured.

FIRST BRITISH PRIVATE CAR to be exported to the U.S.A. since the war, was recently unloaded in New York. An Austin 4-door black saloon, it will be priced at 1,600 dollars including import duty. *Photo, Keystone*

At the same time it was also true that almost all the goods manufactured in Great Britain contained some material that had been imported. Even our coal was won with the aid of imported pit-props, and some of our main industries—such as cotton and wool—were far more dependent on imported raw materials. On the average, it has been estimated that about one-fifth of the goods produced annually in Great Britain was made up of imported raw materials.

AFTER the War, for some years at any rate, a rather larger proportion of the national effort may be devoted to producing houses and other buildings than was the case before the War, and this will tend to reduce slightly the average proportion of the national output of goods consisting of imported materials, since we make all our own bricks and mortar. But the inescapable fact remains that even allowing for all the economies we can reasonably expect, the economic life of the country cannot be carried on without very large imports of all kinds. And these imports have to be paid for somehow.

How did we pay for our imports before the War? Generally speaking we raised the £866 million required to pay for our pre-war imports in four ways. In the first place we sold goods to foreigners for about £478 million. That was the value of our exports of goods. Secondly, we received about £105 million in return for carrying goods for foreigners in British ships. A further £40 million was received by British banks and insurance companies for services rendered to foreigners by the City of London.

'WE COME TO YOU AS COMRADES IN A VICTORIOUS WAR'

Extracts from a broadcast to the people of the U.S.A. on September 22, 1945, by Lord Halifax who, with Lord Keynes, headed the British Mission to Washington to discuss problems arising from the ending of Lend-Lease.

WE put all our efforts, our manpower and our plants to the single purpose of victory. And now, when victory is won, our foreign investments have largely gone, our foreign trade is mostly gone, and we are still 47,000,000 people living on a small island, and only able to work or live so long as we can import.

We can only import so long as we can pay. We can only pay by means of exports or services like shipping . . . We have two courses open to us. One is to develop our trade as much as we can with what is known as the sterling area . . . that means controls, barriers and restrictions . . .

Another solution is that you and we should try to see if we cannot work out something together that will make for a freer and expanding world trade, in the belief that if we can get this, in the long run everybody will be better off.

We Are Now Heavily in Debt

Finally, about £203 million accrued as the interest owed to us by foreigners who had borrowed money from us in the past. (The remaining £40 million was obtained either by borrowing from other countries or by selling stocks and shares to foreign citizens.) Thus exports of goods were required to cover not much more than half of the total bill for the goods and services which we bought from abroad in the years just before the War.

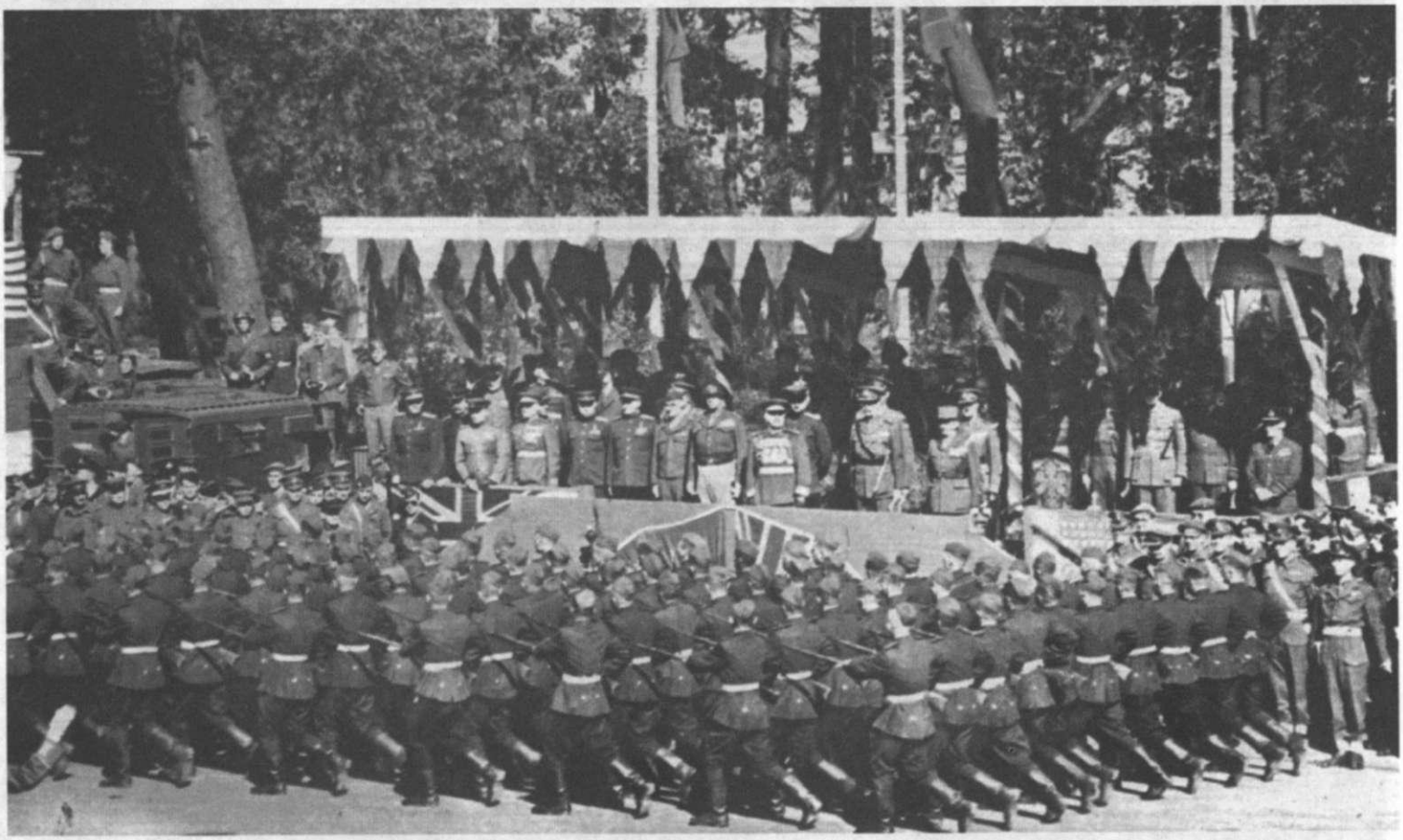
Most of the remainder of the great sum was met from the proceeds of shipping services and earnings from investments.

IF we now consider how the War has affected our ability to buy the imports we need in order to maintain our standard of living, we find a serious change for the worse. We cannot yet estimate at all exactly the effect of the War on our ability to earn money by carrying other-people's goods in British ships; but it has almost certainly gravely reduced it, and the demand for these services will not return at once to the pre-war level. On the other hand we do know that as a nation we have sold a very large part of our overseas investments, in order to raise the foreign currencies needed for buying the munitions of war abroad.

The effect of this is that we are now heavily in debt to some countries who before the War were in debt to us and were sending goods to Great Britain in payment of the interest on their debts. In particular, the British Dominions and India have extended loans amounting to about £3,000 or £4,000 *million* which have already been spent on war materials. We must now start to pay off these debts: which means exporting goods, and exporting goods which in many cases can only be manufactured with the help of imported raw materials.

The conclusion is, therefore, that we must attempt to increase our export trade enormously—some writers have suggested that an increase of one-half of the pre-war amount is necessary. The consoling fact is that we have the necessary skill, as well as the determination, and the world is in dire need of the goods which we have to offer it.

Allies Triumph Where Hitlerism Died



Photos, Planet News

First Berlin Parade of All Occupying Powers

"We are celebrating today in Berlin victory over the forces of repression in the Far East," said Marshal Zhukov when, on Sept. 7, 1945, he took the salute at a review on the Charlottenburger Chaussee of 4,000 infantrymen and 200 armoured crews representing Britain, America, Russia (bottom) and France. Men of the 5th Queen's Royal Regt. led the British column (top), followed by guns of the Royal Horse Artillery, armoured cars of the 11th Hussars, and tanks. (See page 377.)

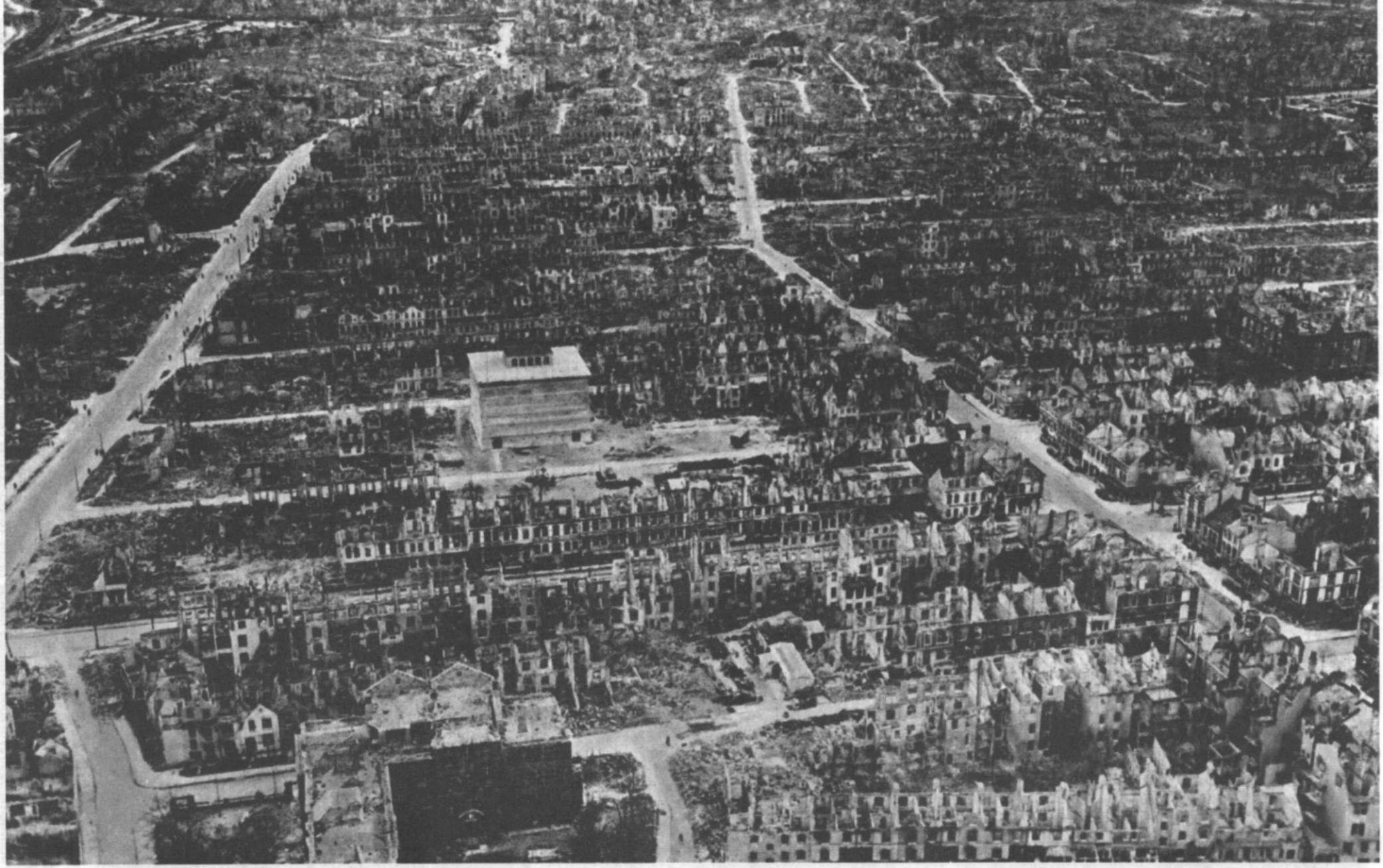
Dreaded Are the Days to Come in a Shattered City

Even with the generous assistance of the victors, Germans are deeply apprehensive of the approach of winter. Berliners in particular find their predicament worsened by the return to the capital each day of about 8,000 refugees. Steps have been taken to hasten repairs of vital water-mains and sewers, and to clear away masses of debris. But much remains, as in the Unter den Linden (1) looking west, with the Brandenburg Gate in the background, and (2) looking east.

Photos, Pla[illegible]ed News, Key[illegible]tions

Women Form Human Chain to Clear Bricks Away

Bitterest reflection for the Germans is that they brought almost overwhelming hardship upon themselves. Even the women must labour now to remove the rubble from their streets (3), and in Berlin's Bismarckstrasse (5), a bare half-mile from the Unter den Linden, they salvage bricks for stacking—for the rebuilding of shops and houses. Sixteen miles from Berlin, at Potsdam, the railway station witnesses mutely to the vengeance that came by air (4); with Allied aid it may rise again.



What British Bombers Did at Bremen on the Weser

Photo, British Official

Germany's second largest port, Bremen was a prime target for attacks by the R.A.F. from May 1940 to April 22, 1945—five days before its capture by the British 2nd Army. Onslaughts included one of the early 1,000-bomber raids, on June 25, 1942. As seen in this remarkable air photograph, the result presents a mighty reconstruction problem. Sole edifice in this district to escape the fury was a massive air-raid shelter (centre). Constructed of ferro-concrete of immense thickness, this type of shelter had a minimum height of some 50 feet, and accommodated between 5,000 and 10,000 people.

VIEWS & REVIEWS Of Vital War Books

by Hamilton Fyfe

OFTEN when I see men who have been prisoners of war walking about, with their red shoulder stripes, I have wanted to ask them what were their feelings, their thoughts, their imaginations during their captivity in enemy hands. In a book by a French officer I have just come across what I have been wanting to know. The Road to Liberty (Peter Davies, 10s. 6d.) is well worth reading. Lieut. Jean Brilhac is more than a skilful story-teller; he has an analytical intellect. Here is one passage in which he describes the state of mind of the French soldiers with whom he was confined in a P.O.W. camp in Germany.

> Day after day the prisoner felt himself deteriorating mentally and physically, his knees growing heavier and heavier, his brain growing more and more clogged. It required a great deal of effort even to go on shaving every day, or to think out an idea and then to connect this idea with another one logically. "Oh, living death," the prisoner would say to himself, "you hem us in and hold us in your grip!"
>
> The bitterness he felt against mankind as a whole would poison his every thought against his will. The betrayal had bred distrust, and in the prisoner of war camps the prisoners viewed one another with suspicion even after six months. The spirit of brotherhood was for a long time restricted to a limited circle of three or four trusted friends.

Yet they went on hoping, they went on making plans for escape. They resented savagely the acquiescence of the Vichy rulers of France in their prolonged exile and misery. "Pétain's solicitude for them oozed hypocrisy. Laval spat in their faces by hoping for a German victory." But they never quite despaired. If they had, they would have committed mass suicide.

Unbelievably Violent Contempt

Perhaps it was being hungry that saved them from such a fate. Hunger drives all other thoughts from the mind. Those who were habitually half-starved "were haunted with only one obsession, i.e. how to supplement their rations." The notion that eating very little "elevates your soul" is swept away angrily by Lieut. Brilhac. "Reduced to the level of a beast, a man finds that necessity breeds primitive instincts in him, sometimes the worst instincts. Many a solid friendship based on mutual suffering has failed to stand the test of hunger." (The writer means "suffering in common.")

The food was not merely scarce; it was ill-cooked. This contributed to make the French despise as well as dislike their captors. They did not, in general, hate the Germans; they felt for them "unbelievably violent contempt." Some did feel hatred, but the prevalent feeling was one of scornful disgust. They saw that most Germans were stupid, easily deceived, not hard to overawe by bluff. They made a practice of ragging their guards, mostly peasant-soldiers, whom ridicule puzzled and worried.

A PARTY sent to a farm to lift potatoes gravely requested the sentry in charge of them—"a Prussian to the marrow, stocky, red in the face, bovine"—to lock the door at night, as they were afraid of thieves. He stammered out that he had orders to lock it, and he could not understand why they roared with laughter at him. A sly but harmless-looking Breton was told by a farmer to take a bone and a pail of milk to the dog and the calf in the stable. When he came back, the farmer asked if all was well. "Oh yes, the dog enjoyed his milk, lapped it up in three or four gulps, and the calf is busy with the bone." The German roared at him. "You fool! Aren't there any calves and dogs in your country?" The Breton answered innocently, "Yes, sir, but I have never had to feed them." The farmer accepted the excuse.

A young French officer who tried to play the simpleton to a German officer was not so lucky. He said, when asked his occupation, that he was a teacher of philosophy, which was a fact. "In Germany," said the Hun captain, "young men of your age are still students." To which the Frenchman replied, "It may be, monsieur, that in your country people are slow-witted." He was sent to hard labour on the land.

QUICK-WITTED some of the French captives in Germany most certainly were. Two of them got a small seaside resort in East Prussia completely under their control. They were sent there to help out a hotel-keeper whose manservants had been called to the colours. Their employer deferred to them. The inhabitants of the place very soon saw they had more sense and adaptability than their fellow-countrymen who sat in the seats of authority. They said and did pretty much what they pleased. One day they were asked how long they thought the war would last. One of them said, "A long time, and in the end Germany will be beaten." The hotelier offered the prediction that the end would come in September 1940, and said, "If it doesn't, I'll stand you a bottle of brandy every month until Germany wins." Every month the bottle regularly appeared until the two Frenchmen made their escape.

Life Behind Barbed Wire

Russia was the easiest country to escape into for those who, with Lieut. Brilhac, were in East Prussian camps. As many as 186 got across the frontier into the U.S.S.R. and were passed on to this country to join Gen. de Gaulle. Their state of mind before they made their decision to dash for liberty is carefully analysed. They had first to consider whether their wives and families in France would not suffer reprisals, such as having their ration books taken away. Then they knew they would be severely punished themselves if they were caught. They were told also that the Red Army soldiers would shoot any stranger at sight.

> If, in spite of all this, the prisoner was determined to escape and tried to think of a way of doing so, he was faced with a vista of worries. Before escaping he had to guard against indiscretion; afterwards he had to guard against betraying himself by his appearance. An escaped prisoner is easier to spot than an escaped gangster whose picture is posted up at every street corner. The only clothes he has are his uniform. With few exceptions he does not know the language. Finally, he could not expect any help from Germans, no matter what their political convictions. Either through fear or a sense of duty, not only would they refuse to help him but would denounce him mercilessly.
>
> He has no identity card, no compass, no money, and often no supplies of food. He does not know the exact position of the frontier, and at any step on his journey he might take the wrong road or run into someone, or find the police dog on his tracks—and it would be all up with him.

The French are brought up, both in their homes and their schools, to be cautious, to reckon up the difficulties of any course they think of taking, to look long and carefully before they leap, just as they are taught to be introspective, to analyse their feelings, to dramatize themselves and indulge in self-pity, as Lieut. Brilhac did. That makes conversation in France more interesting than it is as a rule in Britain. But there are situations in which it is better to be an unreflecting, stolid Briton, not realizing all the risks that he takes. The situation of a prisoner of war is one of these.

HORROR CAMP SURVIVORS (in prison clothes) erected at the Palais de Chaillot, Paris, on July 12, 1945, a huge wooden cross—which they are seen carrying—in memory of the countless French victims of Nazi torture methods. *Photo, Keystone*

What the Russians Feared

When they did decide to try for freedom, the French showed every kind of courage and cleverness. They dug tunnels, they got civilian clothes, they had their heads shaved in the Hun fashion. If they were challenged, they replied either with violence or bluff. Many were recaptured, and those who did get into Russia through Lithuania before Hitler attacked the Soviet Republics were put at once into prison camps again.

> On principle the Russians suspected anything that came from Germany. They expected to be involved in the war and had seen the example of the many countries where fifth columnists had done so much harm. Consequently they were afraid to send us back to Vichy in case there was a spy in our midst. Their anxiety to preserve neutrality prevented them from allowing us to join the forces of Gen. de Gaulle.

So the escaped men had to stay for a while, under fairly easy conditions, until Russia was itself at war. Then they were sent here. Lieut. Brilhac collected the stories of the 185 who had been his companions and picked out the best of them for this book.

THERE are numberless entertaining and instructive incidents in these narratives. Here is one that should please Lord Vansittart. Two of the escapers got as far as Koenigsberg and had to wait there a whole day. It was frightfully cold; they didn't know what to do with themselves, so they went into the cathedral, where they heard a Lutheran pastor tell the congregation that "if it were God's will that a hundred or even a hundred and fifty thousand young Germans should die for the greater glory of Germany, then God's will must be done." That this was the line the clergy were taking we know, but it is useful to have the knowledge confirmed by first-hand evidence of this kind.

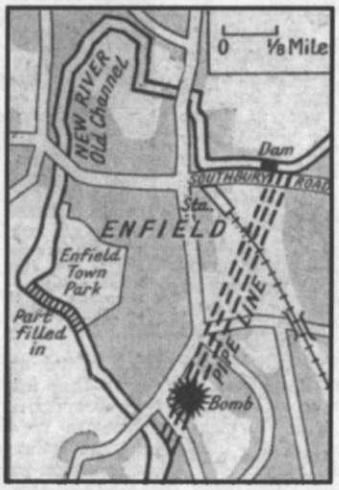
Now It Can Be Told!

2,000 Soldiers Helped to Save London's Water

One of the strange stories of the London blitz, recently told in The Sunday Times, was how part of the New River channel, dug originally between 1608 and 1613, in the reign of James I, had to be hastily re-excavated by 2,000 soldiers in 1940 to save a vital part of London's water supply.

Fed by the Chadwell and Amwell springs, the New River starts near Ware, in Hertfordshire, and brings in about an eighth of London's total water supply. As originally dug, more than 300 years ago, it was 40 miles long, but since then many of its meanderings have been replaced by direct pipe lines. One of these discarded river loops is in Enfield, where a mile and a half of the New River channel, known as the Enfield Loop, was replaced by a pipe line which was only half as long.

Part of the channel was filled in at Enfield Town Park, but water was left in the rest as a local amenity, and a small concrete dam was built at Southbury Road to seal off the river loop (see map).



PIPE LINE AT ENFIELD, where the bomb fell on October 15, 1940 (as told here), and the course of the New River, metropolitan water-supply source.

Danger of Flooding

At 9 p.m. on October 15, 1940, a bomb scored a direct hit on the pipe line and smashed three pipes through which pass up to 46,000,000 gallons of water a day. A member of the Metropolitan Water Board's staff who lived near realized what had happened, and telephoned to the head river foreman at Hornsey for the valves at the north end of the pipe line to be closed, while he braved the blitz and collected a few workers and went to the valves at the south end. With the aid of a policeman and others they closed these valves, and the flow of water was shut off by about 9.45 p.m.—less than an hour after the bomb fell.

This ended the danger of flooding to the neighbourhood, but there was the still bigger task of ensuring that London got its water—a vital matter in those days of fire blitzes and smashed mains. The assistance of London Regional headquarters was sought in the early hours of the morning, and they arranged for military help. By 5 a.m. 2,000 soldiers, collected from various parts of London and hurried to the spot in motor transport, were digging out the filled-in part of the old channel.

The Flow Restored

At the same time N.F.S. men, summoned from a wide area, pumped water past the quarter of a mile channel where the troops were working. By 8 o'clock on the evening of October 16 the troops had dug a rough channel, and the natural flow of water was partially restored.

By the next morning when some other small dams had been broken, water was flowing at the rate of 10,000,000 gallons a day through the old James I channel, and two days later, by which time the main dam at Southbury Road had been cut through, the flow was 15,000,000 gallons—more than a third of the normal supply.

The repair of the three broken mains was a lengthier job and occupied the Metropolitan Water Board staff and the contractors until November 6.

HUDDERSFIELD GIRLS, Miss Bessie Taylor and Miss Marjorie Warwick, were given the honour of launching and naming two "X" craft constructed at this Yorkshire town.

Daring Exploits of Midget Submarine X.24

How a British midget submarine twice penetrated the Norwegian harbour of Bergen—one of the most heavily defended ports under German control—and sank a 7,500-tons merchant ship, a floating dock and a smaller merchant vessel, besides damaging harbour installations, is a story delayed in the telling since April 1944. The craft which carried out these daring and hazardous missions was the X.24, a 4-man submarine carrying detachable explosive charges, and similar in type to the X-craft which damaged the Tirpitz in Alten Fjord in September 1943 (see illus. pages 327 and 649, Vol. 7).

On April 10, 1944, H.M. submarine X.24, with Lieut. M. H. Shean, R.A.N.V.R., in command, got into Bergen Harbour and laid a charge under the 7,500-ton merchant vessel Barenfels, which was berthed at a coaling jetty. The explosion sank the ship and caused considerable damage to harbour installations. The X.24 then withdrew from the harbour without being detected, and returned home safely. The Commander-in-Chief, Home Fleet, described the operation as "a magnificent achievement, ably planned and most daringly carried out." Lieut. M. H. Shean, R.A.N.V.R., was awarded the D.S.O. for this exploit.

On September 11, 1944, the same submarine—the X.24—commanded by Lieut. H. P. Westmacott, D.S.C., R.N., of Bembridge, Isle of Wight, sank a floating dock in Bergen Harbour. Having made a passage of 80 hours in extremely bad weather across open sea, the X.24 passed through 30 miles of island passages off the Norwegian coast and negotiated minefields and other defences of Bergen Harbour, to attack a target which was of particular value to the enemy at that time, namely, the floating dock.

The craft was manoeuvred in daylight at periscope depth, among many boats and ferries, and at one time a ship was heard to pass immediately over the submarine when she was at a depth of 35 feet. During the approach to the target, Lieut. Westmacott was able to read, through the periscope, the "wreck warning" notice attached to the mainmast of the Barenfels which had been sunk five months previously. Charges were released under the floating dock, which was destroyed, as was a small merchant

OFFICERS OF SUBMARINE X.24, whose exploits are narrated here. Commanded by Lieut. M. H. Shean, D.S.O., R.A.N.V.R. (top), she sank the 7,500 tons Barenfels. Later, commanded by Lieut. H. Westmacott, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N. (second from left), she sank a floating dock. Left, Sub-Lieut. B. J. Clarke, R.N.V.R. Second from right, Sub.-Lieut. B. H. Dening, D.S.O., R.N.V.R. Right, Engine-Room Artificer L. R. Tilley. *Photos, British Official*

vessel alongside it. The X.24 then withdrew and made her way through the fjords undetected to the open sea. Lieut. Westmacott was awarded the D.S.O. "for great gallantry in a most hazardous operation."

X-craft were also used as defence markers during the Allied landings in Northern France. They were actually the first vessels of the Royal Navy off the French shore, and they lay submerged for 48 hours before the first landing craft approached the coast.

Built Fifty Miles from the Sea

During the war midget submarines were built for the Admiralty, in conditions of great secrecy, by three inland firms—at Chesterfield, at Gainsborough, and at Huddersfield. In the latter town, of some 120,000 people, though hundreds of workers knew something of what was going on, those really in the know could be counted on the fingers of both hands. From the Huddersfield engineering works of Messrs. T. Broadbent and Sons, Ltd., a 50-miles journey to the sea faced the completed submarines, which were accompanied by their crews.

THESE lived in the town with their craft during the later stages of construction, and in the quiet of an early Sunday morning, before townsfolk were up and about, the journey of each completed vessel would commence. In the guise of motor-boats, the midget submarines were conveyed along the streets to the railway station, where special trains waited to take them to the Clyde and so down to the sea. Two girl employees (portraits in facing page) of the Huddersfield firm had the honour of launching and naming the craft.

The Navy's midget submarine which crippled the Tirpitz first emerged as a small wax model at the Admiralty Experimental Works at Haslar, near Portsmouth, over five years ago. Several designs and modifications were tested and improved for speed, endurance, diving and sea-keeping before the prototype was built. And there also the first full-scale midget was tested in an experimental tank, by a naval crew, before sea trials were embarked upon; then came the specialized training and preparations for action. Here also the piloted torpedoes which the enemy had used (see illus. page 359, also pages 486 and 551, Vol. 8) were reconstructed as an accurate model, from captured fragments, and much useful information was thereby gained.

WHERE THE FIRST V2 LANDED in this country—at Staveley Road, Chiswick, London, S.W., at eleven minutes to seven on the evening of September 8, 1944. The incident was not officially disclosed until April 26, 1945, a month after the last rocket had fallen on England. Eleven houses were destroyed, three people killed and twenty injured. *Photo, News Chronicle*

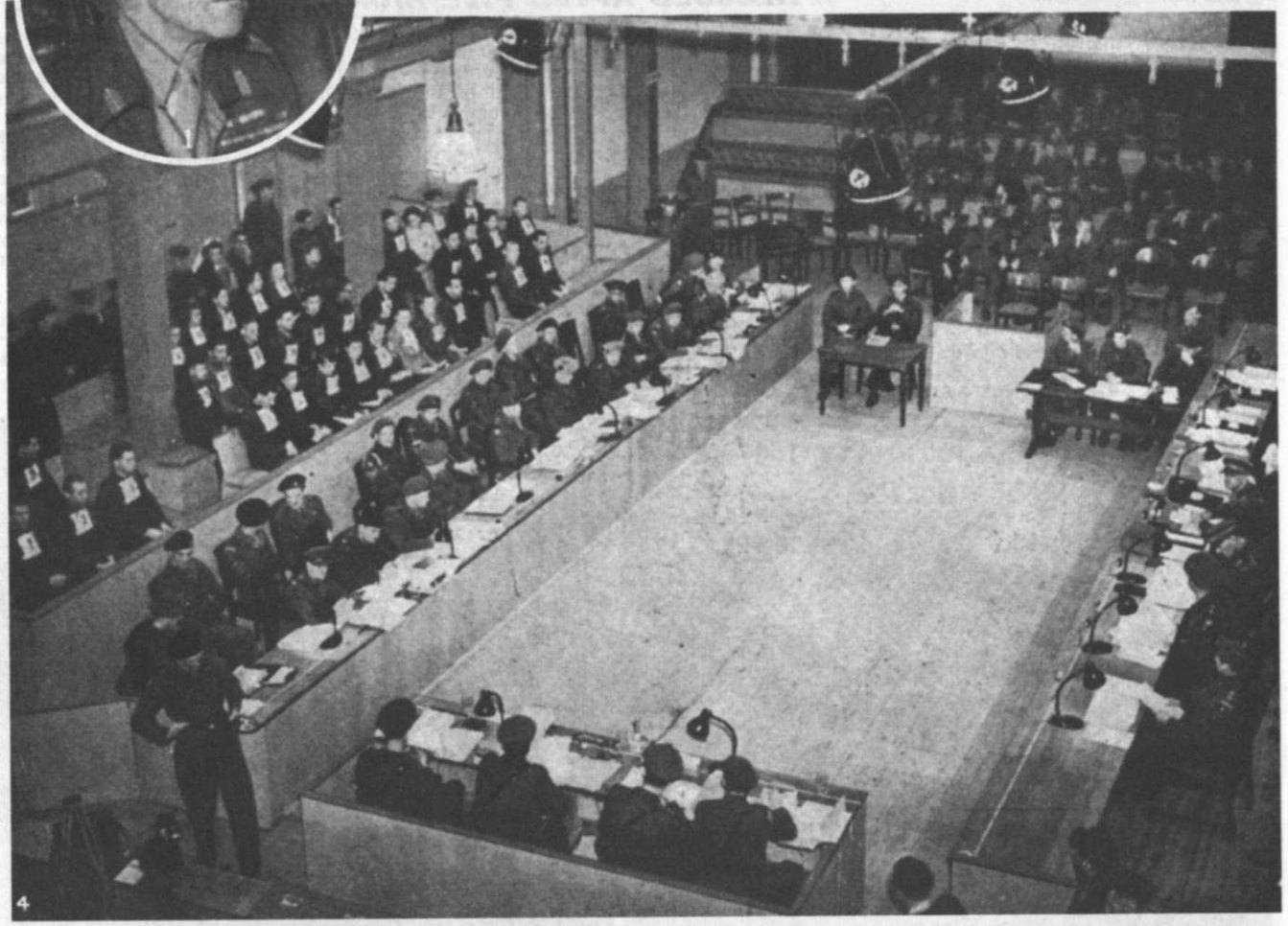
RESCUED AFTER FIVE MONTHS OF ADVENTURE

AN episode in which the destroyer Kelvin took part at the end of 1940 makes belated news, the story being officially "released" in August 1945. Sight of the Kelvin meant the end of five months of hazardous adventures to 18 men who were standing on the rolling deck of a neutral cargo boat early in December 1940; after being assisted aboard, the overjoyed men "mobbed" the destroyer's crew and, between repeated thanks, told how thirteen of their number, members of the 51st Highland Division who were captured in June 1940 during the German advance on the Somme, headed by their Major, had escaped to Vichy, where they had been successful in obtaining French military uniforms.

From there they made their way to the South of France and, this time garbed in Foreign Legion uniforms and armed with forged papers, managed to reach Morocco—where luck was against them and they were interned. Again the Major organized a spectacular escape, and in due course they arrived at Casablanca, slipped aboard a small Portuguese cargo vessel in the dark, concealed themselves under cargo, and waited until they were at sea before revealing themselves to the astonished skipper. It was whilst the ship was proceeding on its journey to Portugal that she was intercepted by H.M.S. Kelvin and, after investigations, the men taken off. The rest of the 18 rescued were two Frenchmen on the way to join De Gaulle's Free French Army, two British airmen and an Austrian refugee.

REMARKABLE ESCAPE STORY of men of the 51st Highland Division captured by the Germans on the Somme in June 1940 is told above. Escaping to Vichy, they procured French uniforms, and reached Morocco, but only to be interned. Again they escaped—to Casablanca, where they secretly boarded a small Portuguese trader. The destroyer H.M.S. Kelvin intercepted her at sea and rescued the men, who are seen (left) leaving the Portuguese vessel and (right) greeting men of the Kelvin's gun-crew. *Photos, British Official*

British Justice for the Beasts of Belsen



PRESIDENT OF THE COURT at the Belsen Camp trial which opened at Luneburg, Germany, on September 17, 1945, was Maj.-Gen. H. P. M. Berney-Ficklin, C.B., M.C. (1). Chief defendants (2) were Josef Kramer the commandant—No. 1—and Fritz Klein, the doctor—No. 2. Among the Germans chosen by ballot and obliged to attend was this girl (3), being searched by a British military policeman. The court in session (4); on extreme left the 45 accused with (in front) defending counsel; at far end, the witness-box; on extreme right, the judges; at bottom, prosecuting counsel. The court-room was formerly a gymnasium. See also pages 50 and 148.

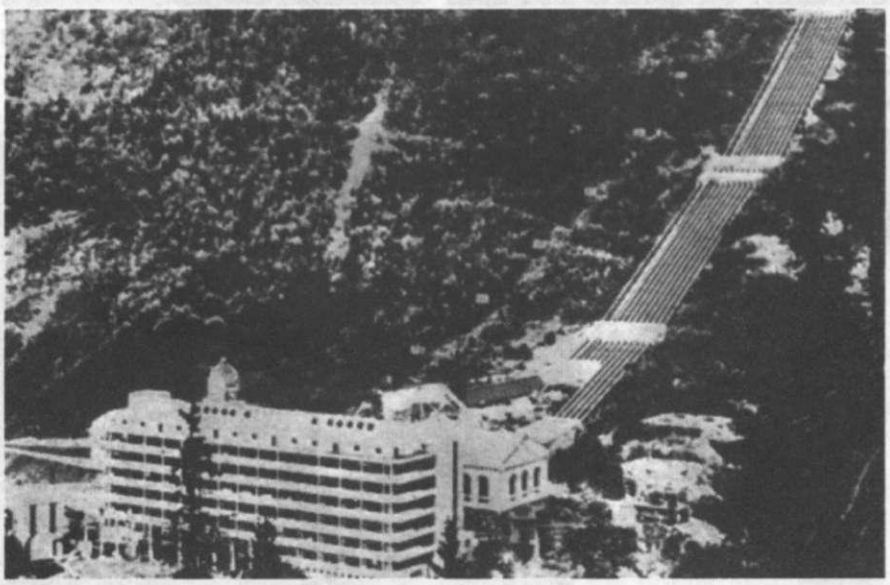
Photos, Keystone, G.P.U.

German Atomic Bomb Research was Sabotaged

As long ago as the winter of 1941–42 the Allies had ascertained that German scientists were making alarmingly good progress in their atomic research. This account of the sabotage of the Norwegian supplies of "heavy water" which the Germans were then using in their experiments is condensed from an article by The Daily Telegraph Military Correspondent, Lieut.-Gen. H. G. MARTIN.

In the heart of the North Telemark Mountains is the Rjukan Valley. A deep, sheer-sided cleft, the valley is some 20 miles in length. At the top is the Mjoes Lake, at the bottom Lake Tin Sjoe. At Vemork, about half-way down the valley, is the great power station of the Norsk Hydro Works, which specialize in the production—from atmospheric nitrogen—of saltpetre for use in fertilizers. Beside the power station at Vemork is the high-concentration plant : it is a seven-storyed building designed by Lief Tronstad, of Trondheim, a scientist of world repute, who fortunately had made his way to England in 1940. Here it is, on the ground floor, that the heavy water is produced as a by-product of the final process. Vemork was No. 1 target, and this was its bull's-eye.

In the Rjukan Valley live the two brothers Skinnerland. The one is in charge of the sluices on the Mjoes Lake ; the other, with whom this story is concerned, is a farmer. In March 1942 this second Skinnerland made his way to England to join the Norwegian forces. At once, however, those over here who dealt with Norway realized the special value of his local knowledge : he must go back—to form a link between Vemork and London. So they gave him a couple of practice parachute-jumps, and within ten days had dropped him back again in the Northern Telemark country.



"HEAVY WATER" PLANT in the Norwegian valley of Rjukan where Nazi scientists experimented with atomic energy for warfare purposes. Elaborate pipe-system for conducting water down the mountainside for the generation of electricity is seen in the background. In 1943 the plant was wrecked by Norwegian patriots, as told here. *Photo, Keystone*

Germans Found Our Marked Maps

Throughout the next three years, till Germany's capitulation, Skinnerland was the presiding genius of the Rjukan, watching every German move, interpreting and reporting it unfailingly. Gradually the Allies' plans matured. It was decided to land about 40 men by glider, to overpower the German guard and destroy the high-concentration plant.

In October 1942 an advanced party of four Norwegians, with wireless sets, was dropped—but wide of the mark. The party joined Skinnerland only after a heart-breaking march through the mountains. About a month later Combined Operations made its attempt with two aircraft and two gliders. At the last moment the weather—always treacherous in these valleys—shut right down. One aircraft and both gliders crashed in the mountains, and in the wreckage the Germans found maps with Vemork clearly marked upon them as the objective.

The fat was in the fire. The Germans scoured the Rjukan. The advanced party had to scatter. Only Skinnerland was left, and he had to take to the mountains in the north, where, now completely efficient in all the wireless codes in use, he established his own advanced base for the rest of the war.

Men were found to succeed by guile where force had failed. On February 16, 1943, a Norwegian demolition party of four men under Lieut. Ronneberg, was dropped on the 3,500-ft. plateau about 50 miles to the north to join up with six men of the Home Front. After dark on February 24, Ronneberg and his nine men moved down to the attack. It was thawing : as they plunged down 2,000 ft. into the cleft of the Rjukan they sank to their armpits in the snow. That journey, said Ronneberg, was the hardest part of the job.

The Germans had laid minefields round the high-concentration plant ; they also employed four Norwegian watchmen. The German guard of 15 men formed an inlying picquet to the guardhouse. Ronneberg had divided his men into a demolition party of four and a covering party of six. In the darkness both parties evaded the Norwegian watchmen. The covering party surrounded the guardhouse ; the demolition party entered the high-concentration building.

So good was the intelligence—provided by Lief Tronstad over in England and also by Skinnerland—that Ronneberg knew his way about the building as though it had been his own home. Every charge slipped into its appointed place in the machinery so perfectly that he felt that he was still practising on the model Tronstad had built for him.

The object was to destroy that part of the plant—and that only—which produced the heavy water. Originally the fuses had been adjusted for three minutes' delay. Ronneberg had reasoned, however, that the Germans might arrive within three minutes, so he cut the delay to 30 seconds. When the explosion came, therefore—the explosion which told that Vemork would produce no more heavy water for the next nine months or so—the ten were all still in the compound.

At the muffled sound a German opened the guardhouse door and stood, silhouetted against the bright light within, to look around. In the darkness six Stens covered him—but no one fired. It was a tense moment. Satisfied that some stray beast must have exploded a land-mine, the German turned and closed the door. Thanks to this display of discipline and restraint, Ronneberg's party was able to make a clean getaway.

Time Bombs in the Train-Ferry

Ronneberg and his three fellow-saboteurs set off on skis to cover the 300 miles to Sweden, travelling in battle-dress, with Stens slung across their shoulders. On the 18th day, having cached their battle-dress and arms, they crossed the Swedish frontier. In due course they returned to England. Ronneberg received the D.S.O. What *we* should have received if Ronneberg had not succeeded we shall never know. From Ronneberg's blow heavy water was down but not out. Fortresses of the U.S.A. 8th A.F. struck next. Eight months later—in autumn 1943—they hit the Vemork power station, cut one of the great water-pipes and slightly damaged the high-concentration plant.

The attack made the Germans decide to cut their losses. In February 1944 Skinnerland reported they were about to quit Vemork, after they had moved all stocks of heavy water out by rail *en route* to Germany.

On that London got busy. At the time there was an expert saboteur—one Haukelid—ready to hand, about 50 miles from Vemork. He and another were told to contact Skinnerland, and "fix" that heavy water. On arrival in the Rjukan, Haukelid decided that his best chance was to try to sink the train-ferry on Lake Tin Sjoe. On Sunday mornings few Norwegians travel by the ferry. Working through the Norwegian staff of the Norsk Hydro, therefore, Haukelid arranged that the heavy water should start on the following Sunday. On the Saturday the Germans duly loaded their precious water on two trucks.

The Germans were taking no chances : that Saturday night they floodlit the siding and mounted a strong guard. "What chaps they are, to be sure ! They think of everything," said Haukelid, and off he went to board the train-ferry. He had made two time-bombs from the mechanisms of two alarm-clocks. Having calculated that the ferry would reach the deepest part of Lake Tin Sjoe by 11 next morning, he had set the mechanisms accordingly. All that now remained was to place the bombs in position.

Haukelid and his companion first thought of the engine-room—no good, the engineers were there playing cards. Next they tried the bilges. There was a look-out on deck. No quisling, he turned a blind eye, so down they went through the man-hole into the bilges.

Having placed their bombs, the pair set off that very night for Sweden. At the same time Haukelid reported to London that the ferry should sink at 11 a.m. next day. As always, Skinnerland stayed behind. In due course he, too, reported : the train-ferry—with all the trucks and all the water—had gone down in 200 fathoms at 10.45 a.m. precisely. The saga of the heavy water was ended.

Great Gallantry in Action Earned Them the V.C.

Sgt. R. R. RATTEY
Seen in Sydney being congratulated by Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser, Sgt. Rattey, of the Australian infantry, under vicious fire silenced the foe single-handed during a desperate action on Bougainville, Solomon Is., on March 22, 1945, making our advance possible.

Sepoy ALI HAIDAR
Completely regardless of his own safety and despite serious wounds, Sepoy Haidar, of the 13th Frontier Force Rifles, saved "an ugly situation" on the Senio River, Italy, in April 1945. He is the first Pathan V.C.

Lt. KARAMJEET SINGH JUDGE
This "brilliant officer" of the 15th Punjab Regiment, during an attack in Burma in March 1945 "dominated the entire battlefield by his numerous and successive acts of superb gallantry," but was mortally wounded.

Rifleman LACHHIMAN GURUNG
On the Irrawaddy in May 1945, Rifleman Gurung, of the 8th Gurkha Rifles, though cut off for three days, encouraged his section to smash all attacks, displaying against almost overwhelming odds "outstanding gallantry and devotion to duty."

Corporal F. G. TOPHAM
In bitter fighting on the Rhine on March 24, 1945, Cpl. Topham, 1st Canadian Parachute Battalion medical orderly, though in great pain, for six hours performed "a series of acts of outstanding bravery."

Corporal E. T. CHAPMAN
Single-handed, Cpl. Chapman, of the Monmouthshire Regiment, on April 2, 1945, though severely wounded, repulsed attacks by picked and fanatical Nazis during the struggle for a vital ridge dominating the all-important Dortmund-Ems canal.

Corporal T. P. HUNTER
Just before the 8th Army's final assault in Italy in April 1945, Cpl. Hunter, 43rd Marine Commandos (left), displaying "magnificent courage, leadership and cheerfulness," charged alone across open ground against intense fire from nine German Spandaus and several mortars. He was killed.

Photos, Indian, Canadian and Australian Official

I Was There!

Eye Witness Stories of the War and After

Battle of Britain Pilots in the Air Again

Fifth anniversary of the peak day of the Battle of Britain was marked on September 15, 1945, by a "fly-past" over London, with survivors of the Battle in some of the 300 planes. (See illus. p. 380). These memories were recorded at famous Biggin Hill by Frank Davey in the News Chronicle.

AT the controls again, over London today, Battle of Britain pilots, will you glance southwards towards the flat top of the green Kentish weald? They are harvesting in those fields beyond the charred and broken houses that surround the aerodrome you knew so well. Yesterday I saw two soldiers in battle-dress climbing up a ladder with a basket skep, trying to gather a swarm of bees from the branch of a tree.

There are no Spitfires flaring through the skies now; no Heinkels or Messerschmitts dashing over to blast craters in your runways. Only Dakotas, like buses, dropping down one every ten minutes on those very tar tracks from which you took off in such a hurry in 1940, hour after hour, day after day, to hammer Hitler's planes out of the sky.

What a changed Biggin Hill since the days of Dunkirk, when you gave fighter cover for the men driven to the last beach of Europe, while we barricaded the streets of English towns against the invasion. September 15, 1940. The score was 185 Hun planes that day, and Biggin Hill pilots got 18 of those, plus 25 "probables."

I REMEMBER a warm Sunday afternoon that year when a couple of Spitfires chased a Heinkel a hundred or two yards over the roof of my home. He dropped a bomb that split the old stone house just by Keston Church, but the Spits got him down in a field about a mile away. You'll be remembering the British, New Zealand and French squadrons round the field ready to take off instantly; the pilots living in huts near the runways; the games of chess and ludo while they waited. There's still one of those yellow bikes on which they used to rush away from the mess to reach the planes when the alarm went. No little jeeps to take them out in those days.

Today an American sentry and a R.A.F. man guard the gate. One of the Americans has scribbled on the wall of the cabin there: "*Johnnie Nicky Carioto, former Military Police with 1296 M.P. Company, now here. Been to France, Belgium, Holland, Luxembourg, Germany. Next stop New York!*"

Two land girls are cycling through the gate on their way to tend the garden. Out of the officers' mess strolls Thunder, half-Alsatian, half-greyhound, who waited in vain one night for his fighter pilot master, and refused to leave the runway for three days. He has been taken over by an American. A poster on a notice board in the passage reads: "Race Card for Release! Age and Service Groups." Another is headed: "Show Me the Way to Go Home! See Bureau of Current Affairs Circular." A Ministry of Labour booklet on careers dangles from a string. Its title is "Brewing."

Remember that celebration party at Grosvenor House for the 1,000th enemy plane scored? The taxi-drivers came and offered to drive any of you home free of charge anywhere. The old black driving wheel they gave you is hanging in the Mess Secretary's office inscribed: "From the Boys on the Cabs to the Boys in the Cabs. July 9, 1943." In the bar, those portraits hanging on the wall. Fine young faces, beautifully drawn. Flight-Lieut. "Foot and Mouth" Kingcombe, D.F.C., Wing-Cmdr. "Oxo" Oxspring, Group Capt. Rankin, Flight-Lieut. Mungo-Park, D.F.C.

That clever cartoon called "One Confirmed," with the photographed faces glued on the caricatures. "Sailor" Malan has dropped an anchor from his plane well into the enemy bomber's wing. "Al" Deere, now Wing-Commander, is lugging a helmeted German out by the legs. The gay Frenchman, René Mouchotte—since shot down on the other side—is dropping a bottle on the enemy's fuselage. Squadron-Leader Jack Charles, who helped to bring down the 1,000th plane, is doing some other nonsense. There's a bunch of dried Kentish hops hanging in the corner of the room.

Someone remembers a famous night fighter. "He crashed at Ashford . . . hit another plane head-on in broad daylight . . . they buried him in the village churchyard near here. Only two nights before he was telling me his feelings about flying in the dark . . . cold sweat down the spine when his operator told him the Hun plane was in his sector . . . complete terror till he could see him . . . then all right when the fight was on."

IN the chapel today, the Book of Remembrance lies open at a name: "September 15, 1940. Pilot Officer George Louis Joseph Doutrepont, 229 Squadron." Doutrepont was, in fact, a Belgian airman, 27 years old. He flew in the Belgian Air Force from 1931 till 1940, and then came over to join the R.A.F. He was commissioned in July 1940, so he did not have very long with his British friends. "In the Shadow of Thy Wings Will I Rejoice," says the embroidered altar cloth.

Out in the sunshine, down the steps, there is fun in the bathing pool which the father of Flying Officer Bartholomew Bloom presented to the station, in memory of his son, killed in September 1941. Built into the wall of the Ace café is that stone on which was written "In Loving Memory of 10 for 6d.," when the price of cigarettes went up.

They don't need a memorial in the village. Every time a plane appears in the sunlight, the man among the stooks of corn and the woman hanging out the washing—remembers.

I Saw the First 4-Powers Parade in Berlin

Notable day in the history of the Allies and of conquered Germany was Sept. 7, 1945. In the capital there paraded proud representatives of Britain, U.S., Russia and France. The following account of the brilliant ceremony, which is illustrated in page 367, was specially written for "The War Illustrated" by Cpl. R. S. Ralph, R.A.S.C.

AT ten o'clock this morning I was standing on the roadside in the Charlottenburger Chaussee, Berlin, opposite the saluting base, watching the hustle and bustle which preceded events of an hour later. It was a warm day, and as I looked along at the "Siegessaule"—Victory Monument of the Reich—the Angel of Victory at the top of the column was bathed in sunlight beneath the fluttering Union Jack. Military police were dashing hither and thither directing traffic and spectators—some walking, some in cars, some on cycles, all making their way to find best positions from which to see the march-past of the four Occupying Powers.

The bands of the Allies were opposite the saluting base, and the American band was playing a regimental march as I came along. By the side of the saluting base were the enclosures. I looked across at the Senior Officers' enclosure and noted the air of cordiality that seemed to prevail. French, Russian, American and British officers were mingled together, talking with each other as far as their knowledge of the respective languages would allow.

At half-past ten the first of the high-ranking officers came along with their convoys of cars and escorts. Russian officers were in American-type civilian cars with large red flags flying, French officers also were in civilian cars. Then the American officers with their fleets of cars and siren-fitted jeeps, and motor-cyclists; then the British officers in their familiar green cars with flags on the bonnets and "star" plates on the bumpers. Everything seemed so colourful, and the flags round the saluting base gave a festive air.

A murmur went round the spectators as Marshal Zukhov came along the Chaussee

"HEROES' GALLERY"—a corner of the bar at Biggin Hill, near Westerham, Kent, one of the R.A.F.'s most famous fighter stations during the Battle of Britain, where the walls are lined with portraits of "The Few." (See article in this page.) Portrait on the table is of Group-Captain "Sailor" Malan; above, on the wall, may be seen Flight-Lt. Mungo-Park, D.F.C.; and at the right, on the mantelshelf, Group-Captain Rankin. *Photo, News Chronicle*

in his open car—a majestic figure in uniform, his breast covered with decorations and medals. He went to the saluting base, and everyone waited expectantly for Field-Marshal Montgomery—in vain.

Just after eleven o'clock, when the initial excitement had somewhat died down, a jeep came out from the base of the saluting stand and went up towards where the first contingent of infantry were waiting to move off to the march past. The band of the Russian Forces struck up, and in the distance I could see the large flags of Russia's battle honours proudly waving as the column commenced to move. The Russians came down ten abreast, smart, and every one in step. Then came the French infantry, all wearing the traditional blue beret and marching well. At the foot of the saluting base were many members of the Free French Women's Force who were unable to restrain their emotion and when the soldiers marched past almost broke through the cordon.

The "Desert Rats" Were There

Following the French came the first line of the British infantry. With battle honours flying, men of the 5th Queen's Royal Regiment, the Devon Regiment, and the Durham Light Infantry, all wearing the famous "Desert Rat" Divisional Sign, filed past the saluting base, and, to a command that could be heard all along the great roadway, eyes were turned to the right at the salute. Following these came men of the Royal Air Force Regiment, looking very smart, their light blue uniforms contrasting with the khaki all around. Last of the infantry detachments to file past were the Americans, hefty-looking men from an Airborne Division. The bandmaster of the American band turned and saluted his colours as they passed : it was the band of the Airborne Division.

After the infantry, the armour of the Allies came down the Chaussee. First the British armour—self-propelled tanks of the Royal Artillery led the British contingent, followed by "The Cherry Pickers"—the 11th Hussars in their armoured cars ; then the Comet tanks with men of the Royal Tank Regiment. The French followed with their armour, after which came the Americans. Last of all to come along were the Russians, parading tanks the like of which many of us had never seen before. Large 60-tonners these were, and all steel, with rough-cast turrets and heavy guns—I should say 5·5-in. There they were, three abreast, deadening every sound. I watched the faces of three German policemen standing near me. I wonder what they were thinking ?

The last of the tanks came by, and the combined forces of military police threw a cordon round the saluting base to keep back the amateur photographers (and official ones) who would get a photo of the Marshal. Half an hour later all had cleared—the soldiers had gone back to talk over another historic event, the few German cars and transports again rode the Chaussee, and the sun still shone on the Victory Monument.

Sea-Bed Grave for Hitler's Poison Gas

Concentrated in a big forest covering an area of four square miles is one of the greatest stocks of poison gas in Germany, wrote a Daily Telegraph special Correspondent with 21st Army Group on August 6, 1945. He tells of the fate intended for it, and of the chambers where it was housed.

I HAVE just been to see it before it disappears from the world. The deadly cargo, carried in ships manned entirely by Germans, is to be thrown into the sea. There, 200 fathoms below the surface, near the Channel Islands, it may remain intact for as many years. It is all contained in shells and three-quarter-inch steel takes a long time to corrode. Even on land the poison gas had been strictly isolated.

Dotted all over the forest which I visited were strongly built storage sheds, very commodious and all above ground. Many of them had thick concrete walls and mounds of earth with vegetation on them. Trees were growing from this protective cover to provide impenetrable camouflage. To guard against storms, each hut had a lightning conductor system of a most elaborate kind.

In each of these sheds thousands upon thousands of gas-filled shells were lying horizontally in wooden frames. There is ample evidence of Hitler's preparations to use gas. An important extension had just been completed. This was a tremendously strong structure consisting of a poison gas filling station with ten enormous containers, each capable of holding many thousands of gallons.

Brand-new shell-filling apparatus, each vital part being distinctively coloured to guard against any dangerous mistake, was ready for operation in a long well-ventilated room. The numerous vacuum filling machines, with empty shells in position below, left one in no doubt of the high speed at which the work could be done. The plant looked as if it had just failed to come into use because of the war's end.

Allied troops arrived to find a goods train ready to leave with supplies of the newest poison gas. This caused considerable excitement among our chemists. At once they probed the secret. They convinced themselves that the new gas was exactly the same as one they evolved experimentally two years ago. It had been rejected because it was inferior to kinds already in manufacture.

On My Last Strange Trail to Civvy Street

The final stretch of road that many thousands of Servicemen tread on the way back to civilian life holds unsuspected surprises and embarrassments. The eagerness to "get out" sometimes fades a little at the last moment ; or so it seemed to The Star reporter, Bernard Murphy, recently released as Flight-Lieutenant, R.A.F.

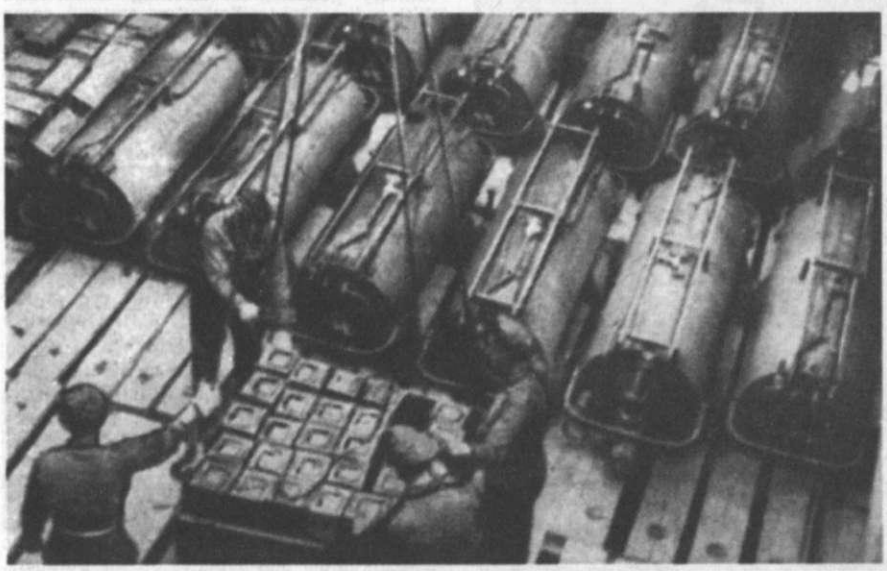
WHEN I joined the R.A.F., nearly six years ago, a red-headed corporal took one look at me and said: "This way, you dimwit, get fell in like the others." My departure from the R.A.F. a few days ago was more genteel. It was at the same depot where my dimwittedness was so promptly recognized—but the atmosphere was considerably changed.

At the gate an airman with shining white brassard saluted and with smooth automatic gesture indicated my route; at the door his counterpart repeated the motions to guide me to a luxurious waiting-room fitted with little tables around which sat 20 to 30 other officers. With delightful thoughtfulness, the highest authorities had planned this oasis where we might rest a while before beginning the long, last journey to our bowler hats.

It felt rather like being in one of those palatial but eerie half-way houses we sometimes see in films. We were alive but almost dead. Our uniforms seemed to have assumed automatically and most mysteriously a look of complete obsolescence. We smiled shyly at each other. Coffee and cakes and cheese rolls were served by N.A.A.F.I. girls. We sipped our coffee, cleared our throats.

Suddenly we seemed self-conscious in each other's presence. This was not the atmosphere of an officers' mess or a flight hut. The bold voice, cheery smile, the hearty slap on the back were instantly things of the past. I suppose subconsciously we were already practically civilians. The fat squadron leader on my right should have said, "D'you want the gen on this show, old boy ? It's a piece of cake—they just haven't got a clue !" But instead he smiled sheepishly and mumbled some civilian gibberish that he hoped his suit would fit.

There's no denying it—for no reason at all that I can think of, getting a bowler hat is embarrassing. We were all embarrassed. We did not feel elated. For days we had been telling everyone else in the camp the great news of our release. "Lucky dog," everyone said. "Wish I was in your boots." The most self-conscious officer in the room announced: "Well, this is the best day I have ever spent in the R.A.F !" Everyone



8,000 TONS OF DEADLY MUSTARD GAS, part of the store which Britain held in readiness against a German threat of chemical warfare, being loaded in the hold of the 5,690 tons merchant vessel, the SS. Empire Simba. Contained in shells and projectors—it was announced on September 7, 1945—it is to be shipped from the Scottish military harbour of Cairn Ryan, near Stranraer (see illus. in p. 173), and dumped in the Atlantic. *Photo, Daily Express*

RETURN TO CIVVY STREET for thousands of Service men and women began on June 18, 1945. At a R.A.F. dispersal centre men about to be demobilized are seen (left) handing in their Service papers and receiving civilian identity cards, ration books and discharge papers. Released men (right) try on their new clothes. Each receives a suit, raincoat, hat or cap, pair of shoes, two pairs of socks, tie, shirt, two collars, collar-studs and cuff-links—or coupon value of 63. See article in this and facing page, also illus. page 191.

Photo, Sport & General

—including himself—knew that was a lie. I looked round the room. Here we were, so many lucky dogs, getting out at last, and this was the great day!

There was not one face in that room which by any stretch of imagination could be called happy. We had been happy when we trooped in to join up, happy when they called us dimwits and gave us mountains of plates to wash and yards of floor to polish and threatened us with "jankers." But now that we were being granted our cherished freedom to cock a snook at Group Captains and above, to live where we like, say what we like, and do what we like, we were just simply depressed and a little lost. Maybe that's why the highest authorities in their great wisdom provided that refreshment-room. A cup of coffee is a great help at times. Or is it?

Almost incessantly the loudspeaker on the wall kept announcing "Will Flight-Lieutenant J. B. Whathaveyou report to Post C immediately?" and up would get another of us to climb the stairs. Smoothly but soullessly we passed through the machine which in half an hour or less transformed us from R.A.F. types into clearly recognizable merchants, house dwellers and men with umbrellas. An auburn-haired W.A.A.F. who has seen so many pilots file past that their appeal is less than nothing, took our little blue service and release books, removed a sheet or two, stamped something and with a bored, tired look, murmured, "Straight along on your left. Next, please." We moved on—a step nearer Civvy Street.

A DOCTOR—excuse me, a medical officer—looked at the book again, said, "Feeling all right, teeth all right; well, right you are," and passed us on. A sergeant took away some more of the book, a Ministry of Labour official, who, unlike her more R.A.F.-weary sisters of the W.A.A.F., could still summon a bright smile for us, gave us advice and an unemployment book. Someone else gave us ration cards and a coupon for two weeks' sweet ration and eight weeks' cheaper cigarettes.

Last place of call was on the welfare officer, a bright young flight-lieutenant with the D.F.C., who asked "Want any advice about civilian life, old chap?" shook our hands warmly, and told us how we would get to Wembley for our civilian suits. We were loaded into a lorry, whisked to Wembley, and set loose in a giant hall filled with civilian clothes. We were measured swiftly by a tailor who stood by the entrance and informed us of our size number. He told me I was size 42, and from a rack so numbered I took an excellent blue flannel suit which fitted me almost perfectly.

My vanity, however, will never quite recover from the shock of beholding on the rack the completely inaccurate title, "Portly and Long." A raincoat, a pair of shoes, one shirt, two collars, "two pair of sox," cuff links, and one felt hat were given to us. There isn't a bowler hat in the place. While a wireless loudspeaker cheered us with Workers' Playtime, airmen skilfully packed our civvies into boxes labelled "High Explosive."

For the last time in our lives we visited N.A.A.F.I. for our sweets and cigarettes. Then, each with our box of clothing in hand, we walked as bravely as we could out into this strange, new, rather frightening world called Civvy Street.

DIARY OF WORLD EVENTS

SEPTEMBER 12, Wednesday

Malaya.—Surrender of Japanese forces in S.E. Asia signed at Singapore.

Siam.—First S.E.A.C. troops flown to Bangkok.

Belgium.—Field-Marshal Montgomery made "citizen of honour" of Brussels.

General.—Revealed that Field-Marshal von Busch died on July 17 in P.O.W. hospital in England.

SEPTEMBER 13, Thursday

New Guinea.—Japanese forces finally surrendered at Wewak.

Burma.—Surrender of Jap troops in Burma to British 12th Army signed at Rangoon.

Japan.—Imperial Military Headquarters formally abolished.

SEPTEMBER 14, Friday

Malaya.—Surrender of all Japanese forces in Malaya made at Kuala Lumpur.

Germany.—Right to form political parties granted to Germans in British occupation zone.

SEPTEMBER 15, Saturday

Japan.—Togo, former Foreign Minister, gave himself up to Americans.

Turkey.—H.M.S. Ajax and other British warships arrived at Istanbul on four days' visit.

Home Front.—Aircraft of Fighter Command flew over London in commemoration of greatest day in Battle of Britain.

SEPTEMBER 16, Sunday

China.—Japanese in Hongkong surrendered to British.

Home Front.—Thanksgiving celebrations throughout United Kingdom in commemoration of Battle of Britain.

SEPTEMBER 17, Monday

Germany.—Trial of 45 men and women guards at Belsen concentration camp opened at Luneburg.

Formosa.—Chinese national flag hoisted after 50 years of Jap occupation.

SEPTEMBER 18, Tuesday

Malaya.—First shipment of rubber left Singapore.

South Africa.—New graving-dock opened at Cape Town, second largest in the world.

SEPTEMBER 19, Wednesday

Home Front.—William Joyce ("Lord Haw-Haw") sentenced to death at Central Criminal Court.

Germany.—International traffic resumed on the Rhine from Duisburg to sea.

India.—Mr. Attlee and Lord Wavell broadcast on plans for self-government for India.

SEPTEMBER 20, Thursday

China.—British and American warships arrived at Shanghai.

Flash-backs

1939

September 17. *Soviet troops entered Poland. H.M.S. Courageous (aircraft-carrier) torpedoed.*

1940

September 15. *Climax of Battle of Britain; 185 German aircraft shot down over S.E. England.*

1941

September 15. *Germans reached the suburbs of Leningrad.*

September 21. *Russians evacuated Kiev after 45 days' fighting.*

1942

September 16. *German troops broke into outskirts of Stalingrad.*

September 23. *Antananarivo, capital of Madagascar, captured by British troops.*

1943

September 16. *Australians captured Lae, in New Guinea.*

September 25. *Smolensk recaptured by troops of the Red Army.*

1944

September 14. *Soviet troops captured Praga, suburb of Warsaw on east bank of the Vistula.*

September 17. *1st Allied Airborne Army landed in Holland, at Eindhoven, Nijmegen and Arnhem.*

Sea.—New British submarine Achates launched at Devonport.

SEPTEMBER 21, Friday

Czechoslovakia.—Field-Marshal Montgomery given great welcome in Prague.

SEPTEMBER 22, Saturday

Germany.—British Military Government announced that local and provincial councils of Germans were to be established immediately.

Sea.—Liner Ile de France handed back to French authorities at Southampton.

India.—Lord Wavell and Gen. Auchinleck invested with insignia of Chief Commander of U.S. Legion of Merit.

SEPTEMBER 23, Sunday

Germany.—Announced that further relaxation of non-fraternization orders would from October 1 permit British troops to enter German homes.

Denmark.—First Continental country declared free of mines, 2,000,000 having been lifted.

SEPTEMBER 24, Monday

Home Front.—Liner Mauretania berthed at Liverpool after record journey of 28,662 sea miles in 81 days 16 hours.

SEPTEMBER 25, Tuesday

Japan.—U.S. troops landed at Aomori S. terminus of rail ferry to Hokkaido.

Germany.—Proclamation to people affirmed details of subjugation to Allied control.

Home Front.—King and Queen inaugurated new Ladybower reservoir in Derbyshire.

General.—Ministry of Transport announced that ships from New Zealand and Australia to be diverted to avoid paying Panama Canal dues in dollars.

With Our Airmen Today

By CAPTAIN NORMAN MACMILLAN M.C., A.F.C.

SEPTEMBER 15, 1945, was marked as a special commemoration of the victory of the Battle of Britain by the opening of R.A.F. air stations to the public for the first time since Empire Air Day of 1939. The anniversary occurred on a Saturday, and very large numbers of visitors entered the 90 aerodromes, which were open to them in England, Scotland, Wales, Northern Ireland and the Isle of Man, from 2.30 to 6 p.m. These air stations represented seven R.A.F. Commands in the following order: Flying Training 21, Transport 17, Bomber 16, Fighter 12, Technical Training 11, Coastal 10, Maintenance 3. (See illus. page 383.) That afternoon 25 squadrons of fighters and fighter-bombers of Fighter and Coastal Commands flew over London, the aircraft including Spitfires, Mustangs, Typhoons, Tempests, Beaufighters, Mosquitoes and Meteors. The fly-past was led by Group Captain Douglas Bader who commanded No. 242 Squadron, manned by Canadians and equipped with Hurricanes, during the crucial fighting over England in the summer and autumn of 1940.

BADER'S Own Spirit Enabled Him to Get Back Into the Cockpit

Bader met with the accident that resulted in his amputations when flying as a young, and comparatively inexperienced, pilot in, I believe, an Armstrong-Whitworth Ajax. He pulled up in a climbing turn, the machine stalled, "fell out of his hands" and in the resulting crash something came back and crushed his feet. The outbreak of the war gave him the opportunity to get back into the R.A.F. via the Volunteer Reserve, and his own spirit enabled him to get back into the cockpit. A crash due to engine failure just after taking off during his early days on return to the Air Force would have put many a man into hospital, but in half an hour or so, after a mechanic had straightened out Bader's metal legs, the owner of them was in another cockpit again, and in the air.

On Sunday, September 16, contingents of workers from the aircraft industry, representatives of A.A. Command (including Home Guard), and of units of the Dominion and Allied Air Forces, and all Commands of the R.A.F., including men who fought in the Battle of Britain, marched from Wellington Barracks—where the famous Guards Chapel in its demolished state reminded one of the battle of the flying-bomb—through Birdcage Walk, St. George Street and Princes Street to the Service of Thanksgiving in Westminster Abbey.

NEW facts have been released about the Battle of Britain. In July 1940 Fighter Command had 640 aircraft available daily against which the Luftwaffe disposed in a great crescent from Brest to Amsterdam 1,200 long-range bombers, 1,100 twin and single-engined fighters, and 350 dive bombers, a total of 2,650 aircraft. British factories and repair shops provided Fighter Command with 130 aircraft a week at that time. In two weeks from August 8 nearly 300 British fighters were put out of action, 94 pilots were lost and 60 seriously wounded. From August 24 to September 6 the Command lost 103 pilots killed or missing, and 128 seriously wounded, from a total pilot strength of little more than 1,000, while 495 Hurricanes and Spitfires were lost or badly damaged. These losses exceeded the rates of replacement, and in the month of August Fighter Command received only some 250 newly-trained and untried pilots fresh from training schools to fill the gaps rent by the loss of about 300 experienced pilots killed or wounded. Many of the new men were not fit to take an immediate place in the battle.

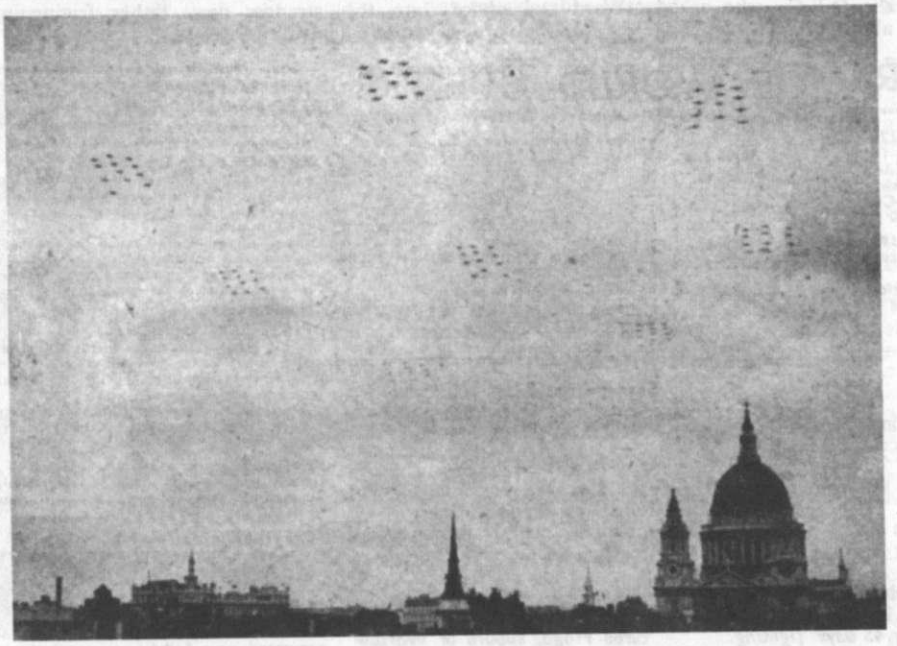
If at that time the Luftwaffe had maintained its concentration of attack against the aerodromes of Fighter Command in South-East England, and against the aircraft factories, the outcome of the battle might have been the overwhelming of Fighter Command and the assault of sea and airborne landing craft carrying an invasion force. But, on September 7, 1940, the Luftwaffe made its first big daylight attack on the London docks, and by September 10 the phase of attack against the Fighter Command aerodromes had fully switched to the battle of London. That was the fatal mistake of the German generals—Goering, Kesselring, and Sperrle—who commanded the Air Fleets that faced Britain. Had they not switched their attack the stocks of reserve aircraft in the Aircraft Storage Units would have been depleted, and Britain's power of defence against the blows would have petered out. But after the assault switched on to London, Fighter Command began to recover, soon the fighter strength began to rise, and at the *end* of the Battle of Britain it was possible to say that Fighter Command was numerically stronger than when it entered it. So it can truly be said that the fortitude of the citizens of London was part of Britain's defence.

FIGHTER Command Airfields Had Improvised Ground Defences

In mid-July Fighter Command had 52 squadrons fit for operations; 25 with Hurricanes, 19 with Spitfires, six with Blenheims, and two, Nos. 141 and 264, with Defiants. Eight more squadrons were in existence, but not fit for operations. In August three more squadrons were operational, and one more was in training. No. 11 Group, protecting London, the Thames Estuary, and south-east England as far as Portsmouth and East Anglia, bore the brunt of the fighting and received reinforcements from other groups. No. 10 Group protected southern England from Portsmouth west, and South Wales. No. 12 Group protected the Midlands and East coast from Great Yarmouth to Scarborough, and No. 13 Group was responsible for the Tyne, Tees, Forth and Clyde areas and the Scottish east coast.

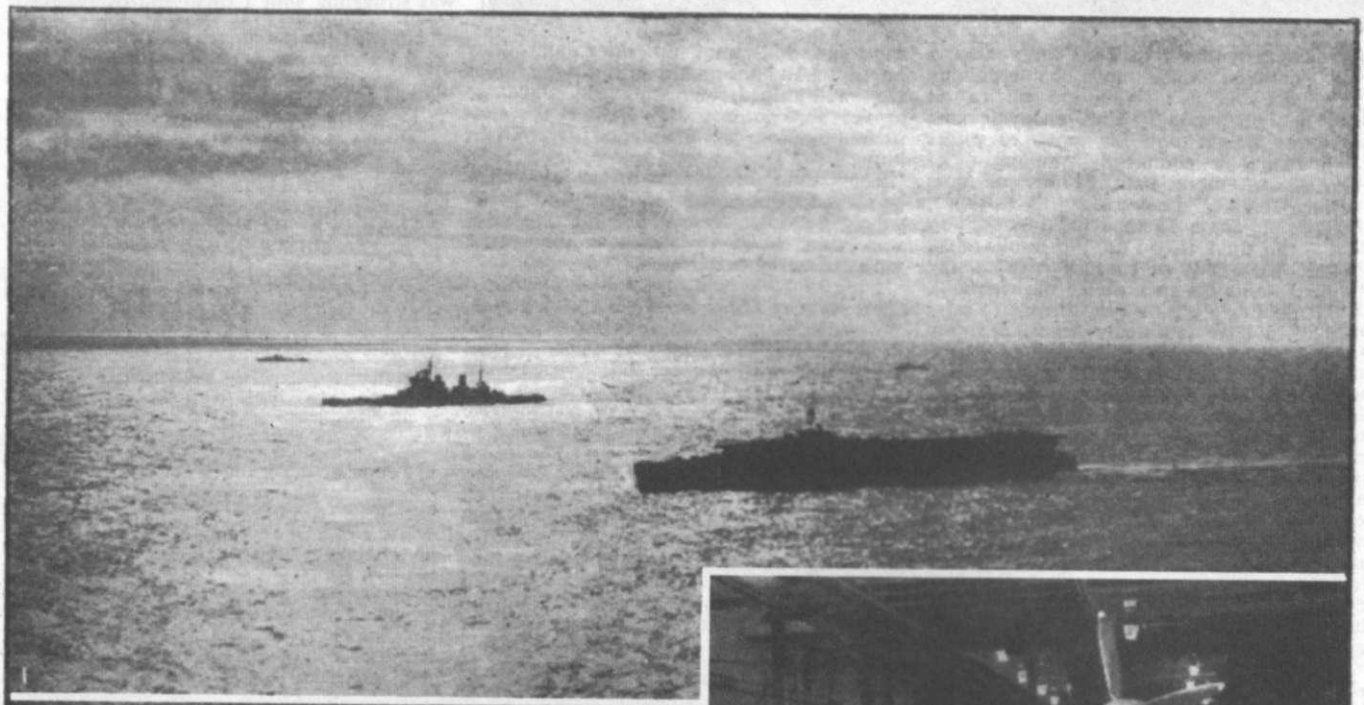
During the Battle of Britain Fighter Command's airfields were protected by an improvised ground defence system manned by ground gunners, who were the forerunners of the R.A.F. Regiment. Mostly they lacked training and were short of weapons. The newly-joined recruits were officered by middle-aged veterans of the First Great War. The ground defences of Eastchurch, to take one example, consisted of a few 20-mm. Hispano cannon-guns and old Lewis guns disposed to give a good arc of fire, with small sections of airmen armed with rifles in trenches to resist the airborne landings that never came. During the almost non-stop air-raid warning period these posts were manned 24 hours a day. Three thousand bombs (not including the uncountable incendiaries) fell on Eastchurch from August 1940 to March 1941, and there were frequent low-level machine-gun and cannon-gun attacks. One German bomb exploded the station's own bomb dump. The ground gunners and a few defence officers stuck to their jobs throughout, while the remainder of the personnel took cover. On another occasion enemy bomb splinters, perforating the aerodrome's siren, caused a prolonged all-clear signal while the raid continued.

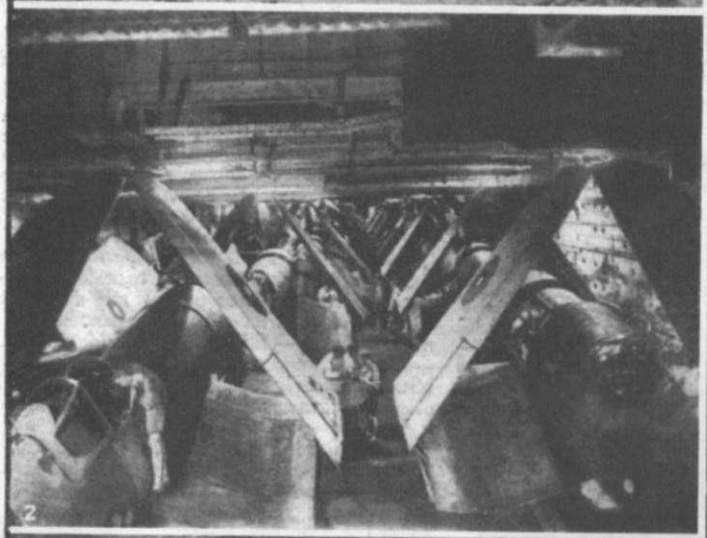
MANSTON airfield in Kent was one of the bomber emergency fields on the east coast. Work on the runway began in June 1943, and the 3,000 yards long by 250 yards wide strip opened to traffic a few weeks before D-Day. In 1944 Manston flying control officers and staff brought in 41,865 aircraft, including 6,750 Spitfires, more than 4,000 Typhoons, Thunderbolts and Mustangs, 407 Flying Fortresses and 341 Lancasters. Radio-telephone conversations from the control tower sometimes used seven channels simultaneously. On January 13, 1945, between three and four in the afternoon, 64 Fortresses and 67 Mustangs landed safely. Part of the Arnhem force took off from Manston, and there Fido was first installed in April 1945. Altogether more than 100,000 landings were made at Manston airfield during the war.

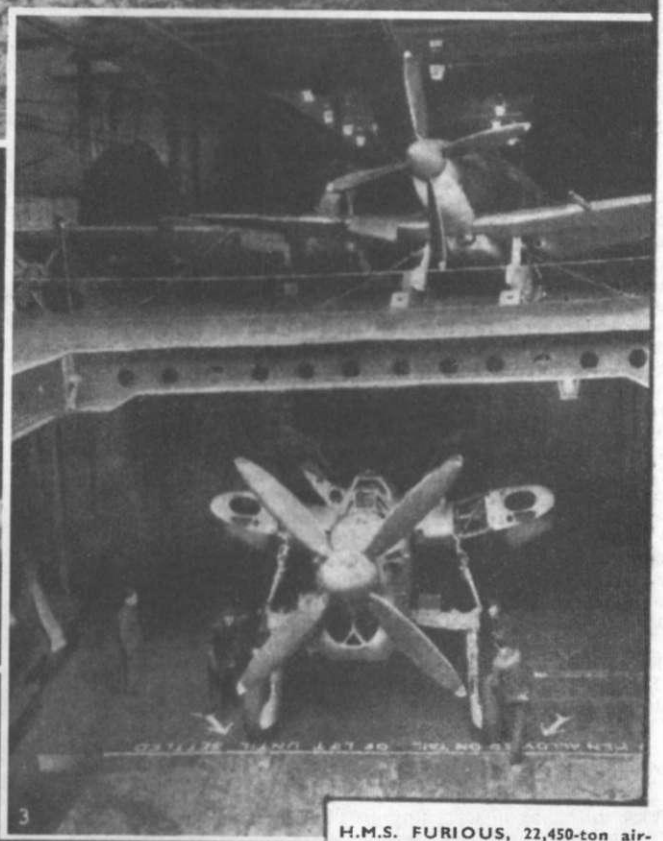


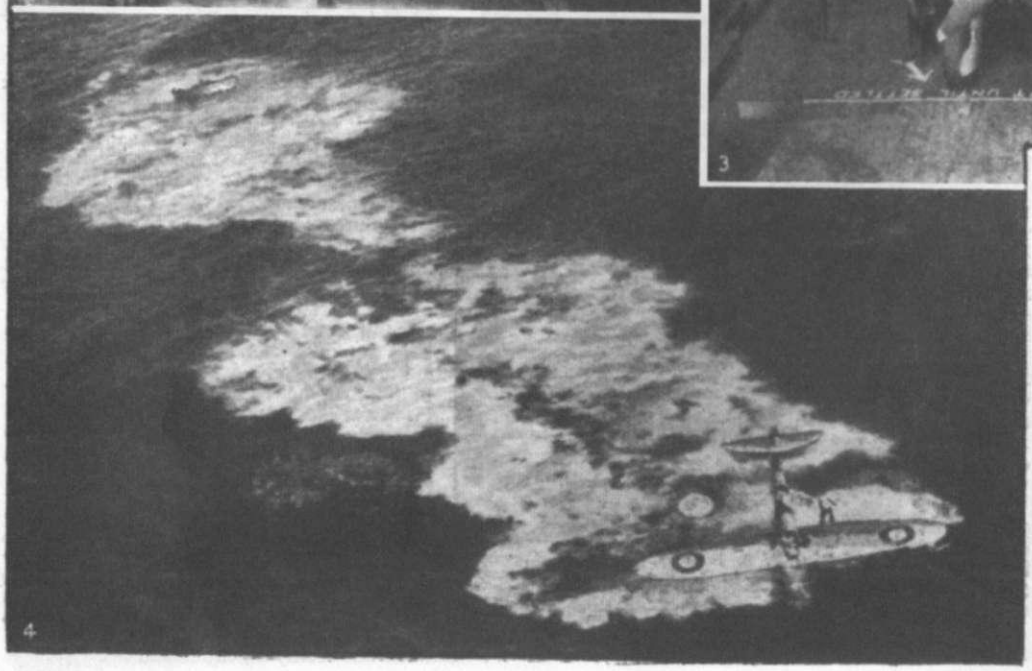
300 R.A.F. FIGHTERS, led by Group-Capt. Douglas Bader, the legless pilot who was shot down and taken prisoner during the war, flew in faultless formation over St. Paul's during their 90-minutes "fly-past" on September 15, 1945, to commemorate the Battle of Britain. Survivors of "The Few" flew side-by-side with pilots who were still at school in the historic autumn of 1940. **See story in page 377.** *Photo, Keystone*

Below Decks in Britain's Aircraft Carriers









H.M.S. FURIOUS, 22,450-ton aircraft carrier (1, right), with the battleship H.M.S Anson (left centre), accompanied by escorting destroyers of the Home Fleet. Below decks in the Furious (withdrawn from service on May 27), a Barracuda torpedo dive-bomber of the Naval Air Arm is seen (3) being placed in position on the lift.

Long rows of tightly packed Corsair fighters fill the hangar of the 23,000-ton Illustrious (2) in Eastern waters during May 1945. Sailing with the British East Indies Fleet, the Illustrious (see illus. page 751, Vol. 8) took part in many important actions in the Far East, including the destruction of oil plants in Sumatra in January (see page 711, Vol. 8). The crew of a Barracuda from the light fleet-carrier Vengeance, one of the new 14,000-ton carriers (see page 327) now in the Far East, stood on their aircraft after being forced down at sea (4); all were saved. Note the position-marker—a bright yellow circle of canvas—floating aft of the starboard wing.

Photos. British Official

Editor's Postscript

A CORRESPONDENT in The Times asks a question which must be bothering many of us: What are we to do with our gas-masks? That energetic and ingenious writer took his mask to pieces to find that it contained, "among other ingredients," more than 2½ oz. of pure rubber. "This," he went on to calculate, "represents some 70 tons per million," so that "the total issued to the public must contain thousands of tons of high quality rubber." Almost plaintively he inquires, "Is it nobody's business to attempt to salve this?" I have repeatedly drawn attention to the slackening-off of salvage collection since round about the middle of 1943, when the tide of war was turning in our favour. This falling-off, especially in the matter of bones and waste-paper, was largely the responsibility of housewives whose general optimism seems to have run away with them—and who, after so many years of regimentation, will blame them? But the gas-mask is another matter. Salvage in this connexion can only be inaugurated by the appropriate Government department. I for one have no fewer than five gas-masks at various places of residence and should be glad to be rid of them.

THE long-standing good will between ourselves and the Norwegians, reinforced as a result of the War, is one of those things you just can't tabulate. But certain it is that the Norway of tomorrow will be even more Anglophile than ever; while we in our turn will be, if anything, more Norwegophile—if that's the word. I have long known of Norway's interest in our literature and was, therefore, not surprised to learn from The Bookseller the other day that English books were being imported into that country months before the actual liberation. Sponsored by the exiled Government in London, an agency was set up here early last autumn to buy English books on behalf of the Norwegian book trade, so that now Norway is receiving more books from us than any other country on the Continent. So delighted with their new treasures was one of Oslo's biggest booksellers that they made an elaborate window-display of them crowned with a large placard: "English Books—at last!" The stocks, calculated to last six months at pre-war rates of buying, sold out in exactly six weeks. The other day a Service reader wrote to me from near Salisbury to relate with what delight friends of his in Norway had received recent copies of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, first British periodicals they had seen for five years!

COINCIDING, as if according to plan, with the end of the war against Japan, the Stationery Office has just published Part Two of SEAC Souvenir. Like its predecessor of a few months ago, it is edited by Major Frank Owen, one-time M.P. and well-known Fleet Street journalist who, for the past two years, has been doing a fine job for the troops in the Far East by producing Service magazines and news sheets. In Part One of this lively, well-illustrated threepenny production (in make-up deceptively like a weekly newspaper of the staider type) we had the now almost fabulous stories of Arakan and the sieges of Kohima and Imphal, of the turn of the tide when our men marched over Ledo's mountains to Myitkyina to re-open the road to China. This second part carries the battle forward across the Chindwin and the Irrawaddy to Mandalay and finally to Rangoon. Major Owen and his anonymous contributors have produced an indispensable source book (albeit of only 20 pages) on which all future historians of the Burma campaign will want to draw, and draw heavily. And the moral of it all—as far as the well-trained, well-equipped Japanese armies were concerned? Here is the considered opinion, presumably, of Major Owen himself. "They were beaten," he says. "They were beaten by better leadership, better weapons, better training and better supply services. Above all, the Japanese, who were going to dominate the world, were beaten by better men."

THE ways of Officialdom grow, if anything, curiouser. The latest example to come to my knowledge concerns a member of what I had imagined to be our most-needed trade of the moment: a master builder. Of military age, this employer of considerable experience was called up with his group, as was expected, and given the job of—a member of the P.B.I. Latterly, however, things improved and he was employed on odd jobs, cleaning up bomb sites and blitzed premises. Three months ago he applied for his release, pointing out that he had a long waiting list of old clients crying out for repairs to their damaged property. But no release papers were forthcoming. Due for leave recently, he asked for and was granted a permit to carry out, by himself, repairs to his own home, part of which had been destroyed. As the job was one requiring more than a single pair of hands, a next-door neighbour and his family (also in the building trade) very obligingly offered their spare-time assistance. But here again Officialdom stepped in, this time with the order that if my builder-acquaintance accepted the services of his neighbours they must (in order to comply with "regulations") sleep under his roof and so qualify as his household!

ON the obverse, as the numismatists say, I have just come across a case in which Officialdom may be credited with what certainly looks something like a brain-wave.

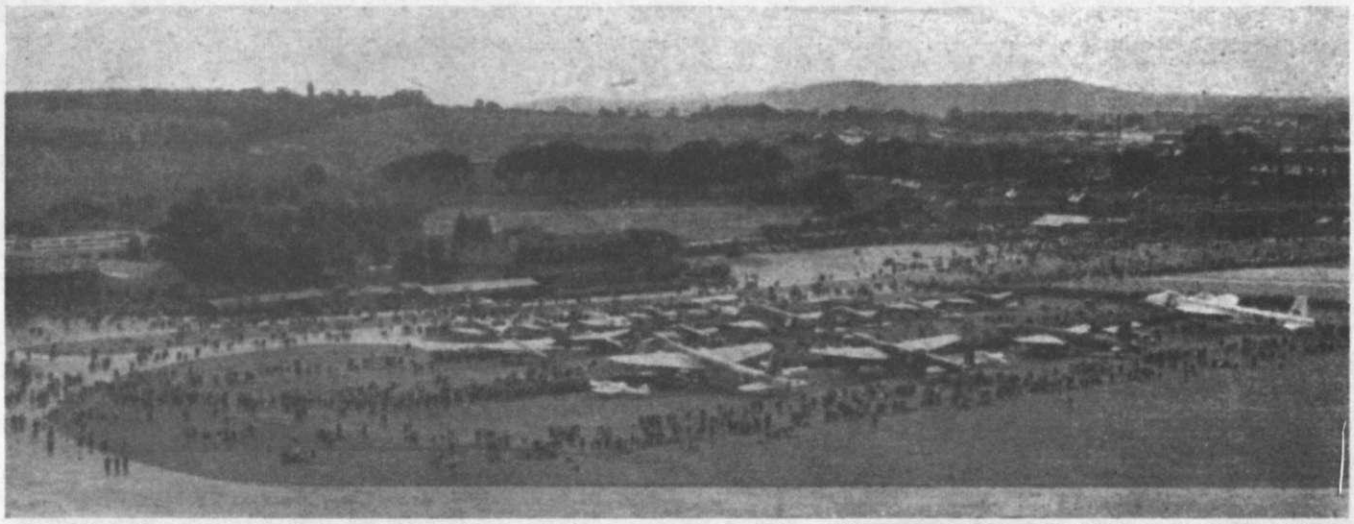
Maj.-Gen. E. P. NARES, C.B.E., M.C., who succeeded Gen. L. O. Lyne as Commander of the British troops in Berlin and British representative on the Allied Kommandatura on August 27, 1945. He formerly commanded the Second District in Italy. *Photo, Planet News*

The story is brief. Some months ago (I was informed) the officer in charge of Accounts at an important R.A.F. operational station was struggling with a small and overworked staff. Admittedly there had been a big "cut" in the personnel of the station, but the Accounts officer had considerable leeway to make up and still felt the need of more assistants. Unhappily, for a time—quite a time—the authorities didn't see it that way and turned down all his applications for increased staff. Then, without warning, instead of the five or six extra hands asked for there arrived a dozen or so! And the explanation? Not the usual one, I'm glad to say, for a few days later a communication was received from the Ministry explaining that it was not the intention to throw these men on the labour market as soon as the war ended but to give them as much practical experience as possible to fit them for clerical jobs in civil life when they became "demobbed."

LIKE countless others, I suppose, I have recently been pondering on Planning and asking myself if much of it isn't going to mean locking the stable-door after the mare has bolted. Sir Patrick Abercrombie's plan for a green-girdled London, clustered with new satellite towns, is the most ambitious scheme we have yet had, and even the most crusted of our Georgian die-hards would like to see something like it adopted. But what if the local authorities—whether because of vested interests or not—do not make full use of their powers under the Town Planning Act and allow our new (and old) towns to be defaced by ugly advertisements? The proprietors of the local cinema may obtain sanction to erect a theatre with a dignified frontage after the most approved Corinthian or Palladian models, and yet succeed in completely obscuring it with those monstrous cut-out advertisements which seem so exclusively (and needlessly garish) a feature of cinema publicity. This sort of thing, as well as ugly lettering on shop-fronts, the local authorities can veto—if they have a mind to. Not so long ago the Winchester town council requested a local shopkeeper to reduce in size the obtrusive lettering with which he had plastered his main frontage—and he did so. Electric signs—meaningless and appalling by daylight, however cheerfully they glow by night—will also need firm control.

MR. JACK LINDSAY, the poet-scholar and member of a famous Australian family which has never bothered itself overmuch about the stuffier conventions, has produced for the Pilot Press what must be the first definitive account of Britain's wartime revolution in the Arts—British Achievement in Art and Music. This is a superbly illustrated production, costing a bare half-crown, and providing for future historians a complete refutation of the theory that, apart from Poetry and the Drama, we are a thoroughly inartistic people. It is Mr. Lindsay's contention that Art in England has come to stay. "We have," he says "made an incalculable leap ahead, creating for the first time in England since folk-days a genuine mass-audience for drama, song, music . . . The British people, rising to meet the war emergency, have begun powerfully, if as yet in elementary form, to claim their cultural heritage. A cultural revolution has been initiated." I was particularly interested in Mr. Lindsay's theory that the so-called cultural revolution has been brought about, largely, because of what he describes as "a continual diffusion from the centre (C.E.M.A., now Arts Council of Great Britain, and other national or semi-national organizations) with continual spontaneous growth of local or regional activities." If we look back on our storied history we see that it has always been thus—that the Hour has not only produced the Man (as it did with Churchill) but also the rectifying circumstances.

In Britain Now: London Remembers 'The Few'



BATTLE OF BRITAIN was commemorated on September 15, 1945, by the opening to the public of 90 R.A.F. stations (see also pages 377 and 380). Among them was Hendon (above), home of British flying and wartime Transport Command station.

BRITISH P.O.W., returned by Sunderland flying-boat from the Far East (right), made their way through the cheering crowds at Poole, Dorset. Up to Sept. 22 almost 33,000 British and Indian released prisoners in S.E. Asia had sailed for home.

MERCHANT SEAMEN'S DAY, celebrated during London's Thanksgiving Week (Sept. 16-22) gave Londoners purchasing a 5s. National Saving; Stamp a chance of a trip on D-Day landing craft (below). Farther up river —at Molesey Lock near Hampton Court—over 400 of the lifeboats that saved our Merchant Seamen's lives during the war, awaited disposal to private buyers (above left).

The Durhams Guard of Honour for Eisenhower

9th BATTALION DURHAM LIGHT INFANTRY provided the guard of honour for General Eisenhower when he attended the Allied Control Commission in Berlin on September 11, 1945. At present attached to the 7th Armoured Division, the Regiment saw distinguished service in many battlefields, including the Western Desert, Salerno, Burma (the sieges of Kohima and Imphal), and in the D-Day landings. They were the first Allied infantry to enter Belgium and Holland and among the first to enter the Reich. *Photo, Planet News*

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